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{ From Beginning.
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DREAM-HOME.

THE glad fire danced ; my lady sat and
 smiled,
 And, golden-brown-haired at her feet, our
 child,
 Our only boy, leaned grave-faced on her
 knee
 And gazed as in the bright flames he could
 see
 All that I told of done in by-gone days, —
 How the grim Borderers rode down moon-
 lit ways
 By the song-haunted Yarrow ; how Buc-
 clough
 Scaled with his troop the Carlisle walls and
 blew
 Clear, loud the Border challenge ; how the
 king
 Died fighting in the centre of the ring ;
 How, far upon the foreign fields of Spain,
 The Douglas flung and won the heart again,
 And how the maiden gave her loyal hand
 To save the poet monarch of the land.
 And then I changed and spoke of those I
 loved, —
 My poets, who in loneliness had moved
 And sorrow, through the bitterness of fate,
 Had sown their own heart's love, and gath-
 ered hate, —
 Till my voice sounded distant in the gloom.
 But a great flash of Heaven across the room
 Shone in the happy light upon the face
 Of my dear wife, swift knitting in her place,
 And so I told of all my poets sung
 In the dear syllables of our dear tongue,
 And how their lives were sorrowful with
 tears,
 How great song rose from sorrow through
 the years,
 And how they loved the sun, the very grass,
 The flowers and all the living things that
 pass
 From the loved hand of God. My lady
 wept
 With calm of wifely joy, — my dear boy
 slept,
 The broad light falling on his gentle face
 With all the joyousness of God's own grace.
 And I rose strong in heart, and, glad that I
 Had found my Heaven underneath the sky,
 I stooped to kiss my dear old sweetheart,
 when
 A darkness like the grey mist in a glen
 Came down and shadowed all, and I was
 left,
 Of my dream-wife, dream-child, dream-
 home bereft,
 Bereft forever, — and I sank in tears
 Before the empty world that filled my years

Away, far down the future, — blindly caught
 My hands in agony of prayer and fought
 Against the dark soul-tempter, — cried for
 light
 Amid the wild waste of my spirit's night,
 Then weak in heart, and helpless, spirit-
 tossed,
 Cried to God's love for mercy ; I had loved
 and lost.

Good Words.

ROBERT BAIN.

TO THE BELOVED.

Oh, not more subtly silence strays
 Amongst the winds, between the voices,
 Mingling alike with pensive lays,
 And with the music that rejoices,
 Than thou art present in my days.

My silence, life returns to thee
 In all the pauses of her breath,
 Hush back to rest the melody
 That out of thee awakeneth ;
 And thou, wake ever, wake for me.

Full, full is life in hidden places,
 For thou art silence unto me.
 Full, full is thought in endless spaces.
 Full is my life. A silent sea
 Lies round all shores with long embraces.

Thou art like silence all unvexed
 Though wild words part my soul from
 thee.

Thou art like silence unperplexed,
 A secret and a mystery
 Between one footfall and the next.

Most dear pause in a mellow lay !
 Thou art inwoven with every air,
 With thee the wildest tempests play,
 And snatches of thee everywhere
 Make little heavens throughout a day.

Darkness and solitude shine, for me,
 For life's fair outward part are rife
 The silver noises ; let them be.
 It is the very soul of life
 Listens for thee, listens for thee.

O pause between the sobs of cares !
 O thought within all thought that is
 Trance between laughter unawares !
 Thou art the form of melodies,
 And thou the ecstasy of prayers.

ALICE MEYNELL.

From The Edinburgh Review.
FONTAINEBLEAU.¹

No public building in France appeals to the historical imagination more eloquently than the palace of Fontainebleau. None awakens so rich and varied a group of striking associations; none is so thickly haunted with memories of the past; none is tenanted by the ghosts of so brilliant a crowd of famous men and women. It is a document to which twenty kings have set their sign-manuals, a chronicle in stone of the history of France, a dumb yet eloquent preacher of the mutability of human greatness.

Successive sovereigns from 1137 to 1870 — from Louis le Gros to Napoleon III. — have enriched it with memorials of their rule. Within its precincts, by ancient custom, the royal wives of monarchs have brought into the world the heirs to the throne. Upon its buildings the uncrowned queens of France — from Diane de Poitiers to Madame de Pompadour — have lavished their luxury, their caprice, and their extravagance. The ermine of Anne of Bretagne, the porcupine of Louis XII., the pierced swan of Claude of Lorraine, which are so conspicuous on the walls and ceilings of Blois, are absent from Fontainebleau. But, beginning with the salamander of Francis I., there is scarcely a king, a queen, or a mistress, whose memory is not preserved in the buildings of the palace. Here is the monogram of Henry II., so constructed that it may be read as that of himself and Catherine de Medicis or Diane de Poitiers; here are Diane's crescent moons, her stags, her leverets, her bows and arrows; here is the S and arrow, which commemorates *la belle Gabrielle* with a pun upon her surname of Estrées, and by its side is the monogram of her royal lover, Henry IV., and his wife, Marie de Medicis. Here, again and again repeated, are the

lilies of France, the balls of the Medicis, the famous "girony of eight" of Navarre. Here, also, are the monograms of Louis XIII. and Anne of Austria, of Louis XIV. and Maria Theresa, of Louis XV. and of Marie Antoinette. Here, finally, is the imperial bee of Napoleon I.

In the course of centuries the rude hunting-lodge of early kings, the donjon-keep which stood in the centre of the *chers déserts* of St. Louis, was transformed into an enchanted palace, surpassing in its beauty the fabled abode of Morgana, which became in turn the *Chez Soy* of Francis I., the *belle et délicieuse résidence* of Anne of Austria, the *maison des siècles* of Napoleon I. During the passage of years it has been the favorite home of kings and queens, the birthplace of princes, the refuge of exiled sovereigns, the prison of a pope and a king of Spain, the bower of royal lovers, the scene of the triumphs and defeats which constitute the glory and the pathos of French history, the stage on which the actors in its brilliant comedies or ghastly tragedies have played their striking parts.

Nor is Fontainebleau content to record only the rise and fall of dynasties. Its interest is not exclusively historical. It is artistic also. Seven centuries of changing taste have left their mark upon its walls. It is a mosaic of stone and colors, into which are dovetailed the various stages in the history and progress of French art. Upon its walls some of the greatest of French architects, sculptors, and painters have inscribed their work. From Fontainebleau emanated the first great artistic movement in France. It would be unjust to ignore the early efforts of Louis XII. and his minister, Cardinal Georges d'Amboise, or to depreciate the native genius displayed in the château of Blois. But the impulse given to art by the brilliant group of Italian artists which Francis I. gathered round him at Fontainebleau — by Rosso, Primaticcio, Niccolò dell' Abbate, and many others — was as great as it was indisputably general. From the Ecole de Fontaine-

¹ 1. *Le Trésor des Merveilles de la Maison Royale de Fontainebleau.* Par le R. P. F. Pierre Dan. Paris: 1642.

² 2. *Le Palais de Fontainebleau.* Par Jean-Joseph Champollion-Figeac. Paris: 1806.

³ 3. *The Anglican Church Magazine.* No. LIV. (March, 1891.) London.

bleau Claude Lorraine derived his magical light, and Poussin drew his tragic note. And from the sixteenth century onwards, each successive step in the glory or the decadence of French painting, architecture, or sculpture, is chronicled in the buildings or the decoration of the palace. Their records carry us from the Italian Renaissance of Francis I., in which, in the first flush of their inspiration, the newly imported classic elements conquered the Gothic forms of native growth, to the pure classicism of Henry II.; from the bastard Renaissance of Henry IV. to the flowing lines and wealth of color by which the artists of Louis XIII. departed from the antique model; from the pompous emphasis of Louis XIV. to the charming, but capricious, grace of Louis XV.; from the classic art of the Empire to the Gothic revival of the Restoration.

Historically, and artistically, Fontainebleau is the jewel of French palaces. And the brilliance of the gem is enhanced by the unrivalled beauty of the setting. The frame is worthy of the picture. The forest stands alone among the forests of France in its diversity. Every variety of tree—poplars and chestnuts, maple and birch, oaks and junipers—flourishes in abundance. The wild and savage scenery of Salvator Rosa alternates with the calm and peaceful landscape of Claude Lorraine. Stonehenges and Carnacs of moss-colored rock, rich-colored *platières*, or ridges of sandstone, bare, naked, boldly outlined hills, present abrupt contrasts with tree-clad slopes, tranquil plains, quiet pools, like the Mare aux fées, or the Mare aux serpents, and turfy sweeps, such as that near the woods of Bas Bréaux, where Pan himself might be content to shepherd his flocks. Here are masses of curiously scaled grey stone, resembling primeval lizard-like monsters, petrified as they approached their prey; while, above and around them, twisting, writhing, and contorting into fantastic shapes, rises a forest growth of junipers, which look like the wild figures of a corybantic dance. Here, too, are

“secular” oaks—“green-robed senators of the woods”—whose forms may well have sheltered Charlemagne, as popular tradition asserts, or concealed the dark spectral form of the “Grand Veneur,” or shaded the velvet cheek of Diane de Poitiers. And, dotted here and there among the trees, gleam the white tents of the soldiers, who make of the forest a camp of exercise, and whose blue and red uniforms, cooking fires, and picketed horses give life and color to its sombre depths.

As the first great movement of French art emanated from the palace, so the last great movement has found its source in the forest, which has inspired the genius of Millet, Rousseau, Diaz, Corot, and the modern Barbizon school of French painters. The simple poetry of natural life is the discovery and the revelation of its founders. It was not the shy grace of a Dryad, nor the spiritual ecstasy of a Madonna, nor the smile of a Bacchante, which was their inspiration, but the mystery of the woods, the savage gloom of a forest, the rude pathos of humble toil. It was in the forest that Corot brought to perfection his art of arresting the momentary changes of nature, and of blending the green of leaves and grass with the grey of his fleecy clouds; here, too, Rousseau acquired his emotional apprehension of landscape, and Diaz bestowed on the glades of sylvan scenery the glow of color in which his Spanish instinct delighted. And, above all, it was on the outskirts of the forest that the Homer of rural life—but a Homer in *patois*—caught, and fixed upon his canvas, the cadenced, rhythmic movement of the sower, and the painful, labored effort of the overladen woodcutter, or translated into form and colors the terrible page in which La Bruyère describes the hopeless uneventful toil of the French peasant, or revived the pious sensations of his own Norman childhood, when, at declining day, the peasants raise themselves erect from their toil to repeat the “Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariæ.”

Fontainebleau sums up in itself the history of the French nation and of

French art. It will be possible in the following pages to indicate only a few of the associations which the forest and the palace suggest. The palace owes its existence to the forest. Official exigencies of State dictated the selection of the Louvre, St. Cloud, Versailles, the Tuileries, Vincennes, or St. Germain, as residences of French sovereigns, Chinon, the Windsor of Touraine, which crowns the line of cliffs that rise above the Vienne, was a stronghold that defied the English invader. Bourges afforded a refuge to the *roitelet* from his powerful rival, the king of England. Blois and Amboise and Angers were strongholds that command the passages of the Loire. But Fontainebleau was emphatically a hunting-lodge.

The ancient province of the Gâtinais (*Pagus Wastinensis*) on the left bank of the Seine was united to the French crown by Philip I. in 1068. Within its limits was situated the ancient forest of Bieria,¹ which had become proverbial in the Middle Ages for the size and beauty of its trees. In the "Roman de la Rose" a hero bears a lance, the handle of which, cut in the forest of Thuerie, was so strong that

Il n'en croît nulle telle en Bière.

The whole country took the name of Bière, and the word still survives in official documents and in the local nomenclature of the Department of Seine-et-Marne. But the name of the more modern palace was gradually extended to the forest, and entirely superseded its ancient title.

Before the year 1068 it would be vain to seek for any mention of the palace of Fontainebleau. Between that date and 1137 the first royal residence was built. In the latter year occurs the first record of the palace, though that record in itself affords a proof of its anterior existence. A charter of Louis VII. is extant which closes with this protocol in Latin: "Given at Fontaine-Bléaud, in public, in the year 1137, the

first of our reign, there being present in our palace those whose names and signatures are subscribed below." The charter, which confirms the foundation of the Abbey of Val-Sainte-Marie in Auvergne, is said to be "actum apud fontem Bleaudi." The "fons Bleaudi" became Fontainebleau. But the origin of the term is lost in the mists of antiquity. Ancient antiquaries, delighting in that guess-work which threw discredit on their learning, exercised their ingenuity in explanations. Some invented an eponymous hero; others argued that the word commemorated the sagacity of the dog Blaut which discovered the spring; others traced the name to the clearness of the water, which made a French Calirrhœe of the "Fontaine-belle-eau." All that can be said with certainty is that the etymology of the word is the "Fontem Blialdi," and its meaning "the spring of the mantle;" but the attempt to trace the derivation of the title must be abandoned to the imagination.²

There existed, then, at Fontainebleau, in the first year of the reign of Louis VII., a royal palace, which was capable of holding the king and all the great officers of his court, and which was, with certainty, built at least in the time of his predecessor, Louis VI., called "the Fat." Nothing more unlike the modern palace can be imagined than this mediæval donjon. Those who are familiar with the house of Jacques Cœur at Bourges know how, three centuries later, defensive strength was still at least as much the aim of builders as comfort or splendor; on the inner side a palace, it is on the outer side a fortification. Fontainebleau in the days of Louis VII. was a fortified castle, a gloomy keep occupying the site of the present Cour Ovale, flanked by towers, protected by lofty walls, strengthened by a moat, and approached by a drawbridge. Few traces

¹ In Low Latin, Bieria, or Bierria, means a plain; hence the Bieria Sylva means the forest of the plain.

² The word "Blialdus," "Blaudus," "Bliandus," and other analogous forms, is frequently met with in Low Latin documents. Du Cange gives its meaning as "vestis species," and illustrates its use in Old French from the mediæval romances—*e.g.*, "De mult riche bliaut fut la dame parée," "bliaut de samis," "bliaut de fourrure."

remain of the early fortress, but the existing buildings were erected on its foundations, and its form is preserved in the irregular shape of the courtyard. Within the bailey of the fortress stood the chapel of St. Saturnin, bishop and martyr of Toulouse, finished, as the inscription in the subterranean crypt states, by Louis VII. in 1169. Thus the feudal stronghold of the Cour Ovale formed the nucleus round which gathered, at different epochs, the present magnificent and heterogeneous structure. Any one who passes from part to part of the great building, and asks himself "What happened here?" "What king built this or that portion of the palace?" "What effect did his life or death produce upon France?" will gain a truer and more real knowledge of the history of the country than can be derived from the reading of books.

It was to Fontainebleau that Philip Augustus returned from the Crusades, or in the intervals of the war which he waged against Richard Cœur-de-Lion. Here, in 1191, he celebrated Christmas in the company of a brilliant throng of nobles with splendid festivities, before he offered thanks for his return at the shrine of the *bienheureux* St. Denis. Here, six years later, he signed a charter, which conveyed the hermitage of Franchard to the monastery of St. Euverte of Orleans. The site of the lonely cave, hollowed in the rock, its floor worn by the knees of the hermits, who lived a life of prayer, surrounded by fierce beasts of prey or still more savage human beings, is now a café thronged with pleasure-seekers. The contrast between a feudal donjon of Louis VI. and the palace of Fontainebleau as it exists to-day sums up the history of France. The advice of Adolphus Joanne to the modern tourist, compared with the counsel of Abbot Stephen to the solitary recluse of Franchard, epitomizes, as it were, another aspect of the passage of time from the twelfth to the nineteenth century. Listen to the words¹ which the abbot of St. Gene-

viève of Paris addressed to William de Bierria, who had left the religious house of St. Euverte of Orleans to occupy the newly founded cell in the forest of Bière or Fontainebleau.

Weep for thyself; weep for thy neighbor; weep also for the Lord. Weep for thyself, reviewing thy past years in bitterness of spirit. Weep for thy neighbor, that is for all who live or are dead, in the faith of Christ. Weep also for the Lord, being weary of this present life, and desiring that which is eternal. Let thy first tear be shed, that God may remember no more against thee the wilful, or unwitting, sins of thy youth; thy second, that the living may eschew evil and persevere in good works, and that the dead may rest in peace; thy third, that thou mayest shortly be rid of the body of this death, and be with Christ, crying, "Alas, that my sojourn here is so long!" Let thy first tear, my brother, be a tear of penitence and contrition; thy second a tear of compassion and pity; thy third a tear of faith and thanksgiving.

From prayer turn then to reading, and from reading to meditation, that so thou mayest mark, learn, and inwardly digest what thou hast read, and store it in the garner of thy memory. But take heed lest, by overmuch reading, thine eyes be dimmed, or thy brain be made to reel. Be moderate in thy reading, and afterwards neglect not to walk to and fro in thy cell, or to go forth into thy garden and rest thy failing eyes by the sight of the green herbs that grow therein — few and scanty though they be — or by the contemplation of thy beehives, that so the bees may be to thee for an example and a consolation. Among such diversities of occupation, thou shalt regard the roughness of the desert as the foretaste of the joys of heaven.

As the centuries advance, Fontainebleau is brought more and more closely into direct contact with the general stream of French history. Especially is it associated with the glories of St. Louis, of Francis I., of Henry IV., and Napoleon I. Four of the greatest of French monarchs made Fontainebleau their favorite residence, and lavished their treasures upon its walls.

Fontainebleau was the centre of the *chers déserts* of St. Louis, endeared to him not only by the pleasures of the chase, but by the memory of his mother,

¹ The translation is taken from the *Anglican Church Magazine* for March, 1891.

Blanche of Castille, who passed much of her time in the neighborhood. On the banks of the Loing, by the road to Nemours, are still to be seen the vast ruins of her favorite Castle of Grez. Her son shared his mother's love for the forest. St. Louis was the first great builder at Fontainebleau. Under the shadow of the donjon keep, he built the pavilion which still stands, and is still called by his name. Hunting was his favorite pastime. It was probably no accident that the first didactic work on venery was composed in his reign—the "Book of King Modus and Queen Racio." He was not always so absorbed in Crusading enterprises, or in dreams of heavenly beauty, as to neglect the delights of the chase. Among the treasures which he brought back from the East were the grey dogs of Tartar race that he introduced into the forest. A lasting monument of his passion for hunting still survives these. Near the village of Bois-le-Roi rises a little hill, the summit of which is crowned by the ruins of the hermitage of St. Louis. The king was separated from his attendants in the ardor of his pursuit of a stag, when he was suddenly attacked by robbers. He blew his horn for assistance, but none came. He was at his last gasp, when his courtiers rode up. In gratitude for his escape he founded a hermitage, and dedicated it to St. Vincent, on whose day (January 22) he was thus rescued from danger.

Many scenes in the life of St. Louis are associated with Fontainebleau. It was here that, in 1228, he confirmed the privileges of the University of Paris. Here, too, in 1259, believing himself to be at the point of death, he called his son to his bedside, and delivered to him one of those exhortations which Bossuet calls the sacred heirlooms of the children of St. Louis. "Son," said he, "I pray thee to make thyself beloved by the people of thy realm. For, verily, I had rather that a Scot should come out of Scotland, and rule the kingdom well and loyally, than that thou shouldst rule it ill and to evil report." The king was restored to health, and, in gratitude for his recovery, founded a

hospital by the side of the castle, and within its walls, for the sick of the neighboring country. He entrusted it to the care of the brethren of the order of the Holy Trinity, commonly called Mathurins. For a time he gave to the brethren the existing chapel of St. Saturnin,¹ but afterwards built for their special use the chapel of the Holy Trinity, on the site of which the present chapel is founded. Thus, side by side, Church and State existed within the same walls. In architecture, as well as in politics, the union has produced strange irregularities, which are exemplified, not only in the Cour Ovale at Fontainebleau, but in the Escorial of Spain, the Mafra of Portugal, the Superga of Sardinia.

Joinville records the words of St. Louis to his son. The same chronicler relates a trick which the king played upon his courtiers at Fontainebleau. On Christmas eve a procession of courtiers entered the brilliantly lighted chapel of St. Saturnin. The king's custom on that anniversary was to present the officers of the household with fur cloaks, and all wore the royal gift. But Louis had secretly caused a cross to be embroidered in dark silk on the backs of the cloaks, so that, as they passed into the chapel, each man saw the crusading symbol on his neighbor's back. Perplexed and bewildered, they knew not how to interpret the king's purpose. But when St. Louis came forward, himself wearing the cross upon his shoulders, and asked whether they had the heart to tear off the badge and send him to the Holy Land alone, they cried with one voice, "We will follow thee! We will keep the cross!"

At Fontainebleau in 1268 Philip the Fair was born. His reign formed a marked era in the history of France. Now was inaugurated the foreign policy of Henry IV. and Richelieu. The strength of feudalism was weakened, the government concentrated, justice

¹ On the ruins of this chapel Francis I. built the present Chapel of St. Saturnin, which is raised to a level with the ground. The older edifice, part of which belongs to the twelfth century, and is said to have been consecrated by Archbishop Becket, remains as a crypt.

established, an army organized, the religious and secular power separated, and, to crown the whole, the nation was for the first time summoned to a States-General. The changes bore the trace of the vigorous personality of the active, resolute, persevering king. Like his grandfather, Philip added many buildings to the palace; like him, he delighted in the pleasures of the chase; and it was in the forest of Fontainebleau, in 1341, when in pursuit of a wild boar, *grand et merueilleux*, that he met his death by a fall from his horse. Thus the king, within the appointed time, obeyed the summons of the illustrious victim of his policy, Jacques de Molay, grand master of the Templars, who, at the stake, had bidden Philip to meet him four months hence at the judgment seat of God." It was long believed that the heart of Philip the Fair was buried at Avon, the mother parish of Fontainebleau. The accuracy of modern historians discovered that it is his cook, and not his heart, that reposes there.

It was in the castle of Fontainebleau that Charles V., surnamed the Wise, founded his famous library, and here, as tradition asserts, by paintings on its walls Charles VII. commemorated his victories over the English. But from the death of Philip the Fair till the accession of Francis I. the stream of history flowed in other channels, and Fontainebleau is associated with none of the great episodes in the struggle between the Burgundians and the Armagnacs, or between the French and the English. The exigencies of State policy led sovereign after sovereign to prefer the castles of Touraine. It was, for example, at Chinon, or at Loches, that Charles VII. passed his life, though, faithful to Agnes Sorel in death, it was at Jumièges that he desired to be buried by her side. It was at Plessis-lez-Tours, in the turret chamber beyond the existing guard-room of the Scottish archers, that Louis XI. immured himself; it was in the iron cage or dungeons of Loches that his victims languished; and it was at Cléry, near Orleans, that the "perjured

prince" adored his "leaden saint." At Amboise Charles VIII. founded his Italian colony, and in its precincts still exists the low-arched doorway which proved fatal to the king. At Blois Louis XII. was born, and he preferred his birthplace to all his other castles, and it was to Blois that he invited the great artist whom his secretary calls Leonard Davince.

The modern Fontainebleau dates from the gallant knight-errant, Francis I. A giant among his courtiers, a graceful horseman, an expert wrestler, a dexterous swordsman, Francis was hailed as the glass of fashion and the mirror of chivalry. Succeeding to the throne at a moment when the young nobility of France were wearied of the economies of *le bon roi Louis Douze* he enjoyed the means as well as the opportunity of indulging his love of lavish display. Deeply read in chivalric romances, he had framed to himself an ideal of a knightly king, and, in the opinion of his flatterers, he united the love of glory and highbred courtesy of Roland with the virtues of the most constant of lovers, Amadis de Gaule. It was Francis and the brilliant Pleiad of artists whom he gathered round him who were the true creators of the modern Fontainebleau. Everywhere his salamander appears upon the walls, ceilings, and woodwork, commemorating the victories of the king—to whom had yielded the bear of the Swiss, the eagles of the Germans, the snake of Milan.

Ursus atrox, aquilæque leves, et tortilis
anguis

Cesserunt flammæ jam, Salamandra, tuæ.

It was Francis I. who reconstructed the ancient buildings and added tenfold to their extent and decorative splendor. Vast sums of money were expended on the palace which he called "*mon Fontainebleau*," his beloved "*Chez Moi*," and which was now transformed from a feudal castle into "*la vraie maison des rois*," to quote the words of Napoleon I.—"*la demeure des siècles*" All the forces which had revolutionized society were reflected

in the changes effected at Fontainebleau. Italian influences, grace, and refinement of manners, reverence for classical antiquity — everything, in short, that inspired the Renaissance movement — are imprinted on the style and the form of the architecture and the decoration. At one bound, as it were, we pass from the feudal world to modern requirements — from defensive strength to tasteful elegance. The distinguished colony of Italian artists whom Francis employed upon the work powerfully affected the direction of the art of the French Renaissance. To the grave companions of St. Louis, or the rude warriors of the Middle Ages, succeeded the architects, painters, sculptors, metal-workers, and scholars of Italy. In the centre of the *chers déserts*, to which a saintly king came to dream of heavenly glory, rose a palace of Armida, the fitting scene for the ideal pageants of artists, or the gorgeous festivities of an Arabian caliph. Fontainebleau became a French Vatican in which Francis played the part of Leo the Magnificent, and made of his palace, in the words of Benvenuto Cellini, a second Rome.

At the summons of this magnificent patron of the arts, the Mæcenas of France, as he delighted to be called, Leonardo da Vinci came to Fontainebleau to be received with all the honors of his right divine of genius, to be petted and honored by the king in his soured and querulous old age. Though Leonardo painted nothing in France, he brought with him into the country the famous "Mona Lisa," which is still one of the chief glories of the Louvre. In France he died, at the Château de Clous, in 1529, not, as tradition relates, in the arms of the king, but with his friend Malzi at his bedside. To Fontainebleau came also Andrea del Sarto, and here he labored fitfully till he left his art for the soulless beauty of his wife, to whom he sacrificed his splendid gifts. But neither Leonardo nor Andrea del Sarto is the creator of Fontainebleau. The plan of the new buildings was designed by the architect Serlio, and they

were partly executed under the superintendence of Rosso, and subsequently of Primaticcio. Before the plans could be carried out, the space had to be enlarged. It is a significant commentary on the tendency of the time, that the religious order of the Mathurins, established by St. Louis, were bought out, and the buildings which they had occupied handed over to Italians inspired by the revived paganism of the Renaissance. It was now that the Cour Ovale, the site of the donjon of St. Louis, received something like its present shape. The great courtyard, by which the palace is entered from the side of Paris, was also laid out in its existing form. Year after year, and reign after reign, vast treasures of money and of genius were lavished on the walls within and without, and the work of construction, destruction, and decoration may be said to have continued to the days of Napoleon III.

Under Francis I., Battista di Jacopo, called by the French Maître Roux, and by the Italians Rosso, from the color of his hair and complexion was appointed "chief and superintendent over all the buildings, paintings, and other decoration of the palace." He enjoyed a princely salary, a house in Paris, apartments at Fontainebleau, a canonry as abbé, and a train of attendants befitting his wealth and position. For some years he reigned alone, until his supremacy was disputed by Primaticcio, whose rising genius attracted the notice of Francis I. In the palace are still preserved traces of the jealousy of the two great artists, each sustained by the rivalry of a royal mistress. When Rosso poisoned himself in 1541, Primaticcio succeeded to his rival's place as chief and superintendent, and, supported by the Duchesse d'Etampes, was enabled to rid himself of so formidable a competitor as Benvenuto Cellini. Round the quarrels of these great artists are interwoven the rivalries of the two royal mistresses. In the figure of Danaë visited by Jupiter in the shape of golden rain is recorded the beauty of Anne de Pisseleu, the girl who was trained by Louise of Savoy for the part of royal

mistress, and who, for twenty years, and till the death of Francis I., was *maîtresse en titre*. The patroness of poets and painters, the protectress of the reformed religion, the wittiest of learned ladies, the most beautiful of bluestockings, she held her own against her rival Diane de Poitiers. But at the accession of Henry II. came Diane's hour of triumph. Even during the lifetime of Francis the heart of Henry was held captive by his father's mistress, whose wonderful retention of her beauty, and her supremacy over two successive sovereigns, were attributed to sorcery. Her portrait, with the bow and arrows and hound of the chaste goddess Diana, her crescent moons, her monograms, her emblems, everywhere attest her absolute rule over Henry II., who, on all public occasions, wore her colors of black slashed with white.

Nor was it only in depicting the rivalries of royal mistresses that the genius of artists was employed. Here, during the sixteenth century, labored on buildings, frescoes, ceilings, panelling, paintings, sculptures, Lucca Penni, Naldini, Bellini, Pellegrini, Niccolò dell' Abbate, and a host of native artists, such as Jean Cousin, Pierre Bontemps, Jean Goujon, Germain Pilon, Jean Lescot, and Philibert Delorme. The agents of the king scoured Europe to collect arms, and jewels, and works of art. At Rome Primaticcio purchased for his royal master specimens of ancient statuary, and Vasari counts one hundred and twenty-five famous masterpieces which thus passed into the possession of the French. At Rome, also, were working a director and staff of skilled workmen, who copied and modelled the sculptures and bas-reliefs which Francis was unable to purchase or transport to France. Nowhere were the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Italian cookery served on a greater profusion of gold and silver plate; nowhere was the table adorned with such splendid specimens of the glass manufactories of Venice and the rival establishments in France. Matteo was summoned from Verona to superintend the metal-workers. Tapestries were brought from Arras and Brussels,

and a manufactory was set up in Fontainebleau, where workmen executed the designs of Primaticcio. Manuscripts were gathered from Europe and from Asia to enrich the royal library, already enlarged by the collections brought from Blois and by the confiscated treasures of the Constable of Bourbon. Among the custodians of the royal library were Budé, Duchatel, Amyot, and J. A. de Thou. Priceless frescoes and pictures, statues of inestimable worth, rare manuscripts, treasures of golden and silver plate, of gems, jewelry, and arms, made the Fontainebleau of Francis I. and Henry II. the admiration and envy of Europe. It was now that in the chapel raised upon the subterranean crypt of St. Saturnin, the crescent of Diane de Poitiers appeared above the altar, epitomizing, as it were, the transition from the mediæval piety of St. Louis to the cultivated taste and elegant license of the Renaissance.

In this magnificent palace Francis I. received the emperor Charles V. For once, and for once only, Rosso and Primaticcio laid aside their professional jealousies and personal rivalries, and united in the effort to celebrate the advent of such a guest with becoming magnificence. The ancient enemy of the French monarchy was met in the forest by troops of gods and goddesses, by fauns, satyrs, and woodland nymphs. Balls, masquerades, banquets, hunting parties, tournaments, illuminations, were organized in his honor. On the first night of his arrival the Duchesse d'Etampes herself brought the water to wash his hands, and the astute emperor, so runs the incredible legend, seized the opportunity of conciliating the powerful mistress. He dropped into the ewer a magnificent diamond, which the duchesse returned to him. He entreated her to keep it, and so, it is said, won her over to his political schemes.

The works of Francis I. were carried on by his successors. Catherine de Medicis had inherited from her family, and brought from Italy, the love of the fine arts, and in this taste, at least, was in sympathy with her husband. In 1533 Catherine, then an orphan, and "a

short, thick-set girl of thirteen, with a large head, flat face, and restless eyes," had been married to Henry of Orleans, a well-grown, handsome youth of fifteen. Even when just in her teens she was described as "very subtle-minded, reserved, full of ambition and artifice." The marriage with the daughter of the Florentine banker, which was the price paid by Francis for the support of Pope Clement VII. in his claims to the imperial crown, was regarded by the French aristocracy as a *mésalliance*. Over her husband Catherine had little influence. He was already captive in the chains of Diane de Poitiers. But she was prepared to observe, to watch, and wait; for the stars had foretold her destined rule over the king of France. Like her father-in-law, and like her husband, she was an enthusiastic builder. Her special superstitions are strongly marked in the palaces she inhabited. At Chaumont, for instance, is the little turret by which she could ascend the roof to study the constellations. At Blois, again, the tower of her astrologer stands close to the château.

It was an age of building. At Chambord, Anet, Chenonceaux, the Louvre, Blois, great works were in progress. At Fontainebleau, under Henry II., the building and the decoration of the palace continued uninterruptedly, broken only by the occasional removal of some master-builder suspected of the new opinions. Here, at Fontainebleau, were born two of his sons, afterwards Francis II. and Charles IX. The great work which commemorates the name of Henry II. is the gallery, called after his name, on which Primaticcio and Niccolò dell' Abbate squandered their artistic talents. On the ceiling, and on the walls, are to be seen his monogram, which was capable of being read as H. C. or H. D., according to the sympathies of the supporters of Catherine de Medicis or of Diane de Poitiers. But in other decorations less ambiguity was possible; everywhere predominate the emblems of *la vieille ridée*, as her enemies called her, who caught and held for twenty years the heart of Henry II. It was from the study of this gallery,

constructed and decorated in the purest style of the Renaissance, that the great French artists, who were destined to be the leaders of the French movement, and to give to the exaggerated imitation of Italian traditions the simplicity and purity of a native school, drew their inspiration.

In the tiltyard at the Palace of Des Tourelles, which then stood at the end of the Rue St. Antoine, and was still the royal residence at Paris, Henry met his death from the lance of Montgomery. But it was at Fontainebleau that his son and successor, Francis II., terrified by the conspiracy of Amboise, convened an extraordinary assembly to consider the affairs of the nation. The council met in August, 1560, and, with the exception of the king of Navarre and Condé, it was attended by all the great leaders in the coming struggle between the Huguenots and the Catholics. The Duke of Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine were present on the one side; on the other, Coligny and his brother Châtillon. Moderate counsels found their spokesman in the Chancellor L'Hôpital. The deliberations lasted four days. It was then that Coligny delivered a fiery speech, in which he demanded toleration for the Calvinists, and, in words that must have sounded to his hearers like a threat, declared that fifty thousand men would support his request. There, also, Jean de Montluc, Bishop of Valence, exposed the vices of the higher ranks of the clergy. The result of the conference was the convocation of the States-General at Orleans. Trusting to the king's safe conduct, Condé attended its deliberations. But he was arrested, condemned to the scaffold, and only escaped with his life through the sudden death of the king in December, 1560.

Fontainebleau was the birthplace of Charles IX. Its forests were to him the enchanted Broceliande, in which he and his brothers had played the parts of the heroes of mediæval romance. The half-mad boy excelled his predecessors in lavish expenditure on the festivities with which he sought to distract his mind. Here the courtiers ruined them-

selves and squandered their estates in the extravagance of their attire. Fashions changed from hour to hour. To-day the brim of the hat extended beyond the shoulders; to-morrow the cap scarcely covered the head. Now the mantle reached to the ankles, now to the loins. One day shoes were worn "in the Greek fashion," as high as the middle of the leg; another day they were "in the fashion of Savoy, so short and narrow that they resembled tubes." A score of dresses, all richly embroidered with stores of laces, feathers, and ruffles, were required by any one who wished to make a decent appearance at court. At Fontainebleau lists for tournaments were erected, closed with barriers and commanded by bowers, in which sat the courtly beauties. At one end stood an enchanted castle held by six adventurous knights, and guarded by a monstrous giant and a diminutive dwarf. Here the princes and nobles of the court disported themselves; now dividing into Greeks and Trojans; now, as wandering knights, rescuing fair ladies from the enchanted castle; now dividing into companies and fighting against each other under chosen leaders. It was from Fontainebleau that Charles and his mother set out on their lengthy progress through the south of France, that fatal journey in which, as Protestant historians assert, the queen and the Duke of Alva plotted to exterminate the Huguenots. Tournaments and banquets and masquerades were redoubled after the massacre of St. Bartholomew. By a perpetual Arabian Nights' entertainment Catherine vainly strove to lay the ghost of remorse, which her action had roused in the unhappy, lean, demented, red-haired youth to whom life had become a grievous burden.

None of the French sovereigns showed a deeper love for Fontainebleau than Henry IV., and with none are more events of his reign associated. His monogram, as well as his shield, quartering the lilies of France with the girony of eight which belongs to Navarre, are seen in every part of the palace. Sometimes his "H" is linked

with the "M" of his wife, Marie de Medicis. Here and there the "S," traversed by an arrow, which was the punning device of Gabrielle d'Estrées, commemorates, like the crescents of Diane de Poitiers, the ascendancy of an uncrowned queen. The chapel of the Holy Trinity, close to the great entrance of the palace, was his work. Upon it a number of French artists, among whom were Germain Pilon¹ and Jean Dubois, have employed their genius under the direction of Fremiet. The origin of the chapel dates from 1608, when the Spanish ambassador visited Fontainebleau. Observing the mean appearance of the existing chapel, Don Pedro remarked that "God was more poorly lodged than the king." Henry was ready with his retort. "It is because," he replied, "the French do not enshrine their God as do the Spaniards only within four walls. They lodge him also in their hearts." But the taunt produced its effect, and the chapel was its result. Its construction is, as it were, a translation into stone of the strong reaction against Protestantism which the seventeenth century witnessed in France. In the chapel have been celebrated innumerable royal marriages and royal baptisms; but more interesting than these were the masses of St. Hubert, which were celebrated on the day dedicated to the patron saint of the chase in the presence, and for the safety of,

Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym,
Or bobtail tyke or trundle tail.

There every year, from the reign of Henry IV. to that of Napoleon III., masses were said "en présence des lévriers, braques, bassets, chiens courants, batteurs, babillants, et toute la populace des chiens," for whose preservation from danger prayer was made to Heaven.

One of the favorite legends of the forest commemorates Henry's passion for the chase. In the early spring of

¹ Pilon is said to have executed some of the work at the chapel; but, if the date now most commonly assigned for his death (1590) is correct, this is impossible.

1599 the king was hunting in the part of the forest which lies on the road to Moret, and near him were riding the princes and great nobles of his court. Suddenly the whole company heard the clang of horns, the cries of huntsmen, and the yapping of hounds, coming as it seemed to them, from a spot at least half a league distant. The next moment the noises which had seemed so remote sounded in their very ears. The king sent the Comte de Soissons and other persons with him to discover what the sounds meant. Yet, though they heard the noises all around them, they could not see whence they proceeded. But in the densest part of the thicket they saw a tall black figure of very hideous countenance, who raised his head above the bushes, and said, "M'entendez-vous ?" or "Qu'attendez-vous ?" or, as some maintained, for they were too startled to be certain of the words, "Amendez-vous." And the next moment the spectre vanished.

The courtiers returned and told the king what they had witnessed. Then he sent for the charcoal-burners, the wood-cutters, the shepherds, and other persons, who are at all times and seasons in the forest, and inquired of them whether they had ever seen any such spectre, or heard similar sounds of huntsmen, horns, and hounds. And they replied that very often a tall dark man, accoutred as a huntsman, appeared to them, and that they called him the "Grand Veneur." It is added that Sully, while sitting in his cabinet, heard, almost at his windows, the noise of a hunting party. Believing that it was the king returning, he hastened to meet him. But he found no one there, and afterwards he learned that the king was at that moment three leagues away.

I know [adds Dan] that many authors tell stories of the chase of St. Hubert, which they say that they hear in various places. Nor am I ignorant of what is told of the "whipper," who appeared to Charles IX. in the Forest of Lyons, and who left the marks of the lashes of his whip upon a number of persons. Nor do I doubt that there may be demons who wander through the forest as well as through the air. But I

also know very well that as to this "Grand Veneur," nothing can be said for certain.

Was it in consequence of this warning apparition that, as Easter, 1599, approached, Henry IV. followed the counsel of his confessor, and dismissed Gabrielle d'Estrées for a fortnight from the court? Was it poison which, during this same temporary absence, cut short her career at the table of the financier Zamet? A mystery hangs over the fate of Henry's fascinating mistress, who, as even Protestant historians relate, lived in the court without making a single enemy.

Henry was not only an enthusiastic sportsman, but, like Francis I., a great decorator and builder. He laid out the gardens and the park, forming the Mail Henri Quatre, and adorning the centre of the lake with its island temple. Many of the structures erected in his reign have been altered by his successors, and especially by Louis XV.; others still remain intact. The Galerie des Cerfs, as well as the Galerie de Diane, were his works. In the former Monaldeschi was murdered; in the latter, built at the request of Gabrielle d'Estrées, the library is now arranged. Henry's private cabinet still remains, at the door of which Biron was arrested. The Salle de Conseil is now the Musée Chinois; but it is more interesting as the room in which was held the famous conference between Du Plessis Mornay, and the Cardinal Du Perron. The detached pavilion on the east of the palace was built by him for Sully, and, for convenience of access, it communicated with the main building by arcades. The open dome, under which the entrance to the Cour Ovale passes, was erected by him for the open-air baptism of his son, afterwards Louis XIII.

In the Salle de Conseil at Fontainebleau on Tuesday, May 4, 1599, was held the famous conference, in which the pope of the Protestants, Du Plessis Mornay, was confronted with the Bishop of Evreux, afterwards Cardinal Du Perron. In his book on the Eucharist¹ Du Plessis Mornay made a variety

¹ Traité de l'Institution de l'Eucharistie.

of quotations which the bishop alleged to be false. The conference was summoned, not to decide points of doctrine, but to determine the authenticity of the Protestant quotations. In the centre of the Salle de Conseil, which ran along one side of the Cour Ovale, was placed a porphyry table. There, at one o'clock, the members of the Council took their places. The king sat at one end, having on his right the Roman Catholic champion, on his left the Protestant leader. At the opposite end of the table sat the secretaries. Behind, and on either side of the king, were princes, great officers of state, archbishops, bishops, and nobles. Among the commissioners appointed to assist the king from the two hostile communions was Casaubon.

The assembly took their places. A copy of Du Plessis Mornay's work, printed in quarto form at Rochelle by Hautin, was placed before the king. By the side of the incriminated book was set a list of sixty passages selected from the five hundred impugned by Du Perron. The inquiry began with a further choice of nineteen passages from the shorter list, and on the authenticity of these the question turned. Nine passages only had been examined, and in the case of all, so say the Roman Catholic historians, had the meaning of the quotations been falsified, when the Protestant leader fell ill. His sickness, said his enemies, was feigned. Be this as it may, he did not return to the conference, which therefore was broken up. The defeat of their champion was a severe blow to the Huguenot cause, and many persons at once abjured Calvinism. Thus, rejoices Dan, "As it had pleased God to create the Hydra of heresy, so also it pleased him to create the Hercules for its destruction."

At Fontainebleau also was enacted the first scene in the tragic fate of the Marshal de Biron. Biron, who was governor of Burgundy, was suspected by the king of intriguing with Spain and Savoy. His designs were betrayed by his secretary, Lafin, who placed in Henry's hands evidence which proved the guilt of the Marshal Biron. He

was therefore summoned by Henry to Fontainebleau. Biron arrived on Wednesday, June 13, 1602. He reached the palace at six in the morning, and found the king just entering the garden. Henry received him graciously, and embraced him with much kindness. Then, taking him by the hand, he walked with him through the gardens, pointing out the buildings and other works which he was carrying out. He then pressed him closely to tell him the truth, promising him his pardon. But Biron, believing in the fidelity of Lafin, who had in fact betrayed him, replied that he had nothing to confess, and he refused a favor of which he had no need.

After a long conversation, they parted for dinner. The meal ended, they walked in the Salle de la Belle Cheminée, and, as they looked at the equestrian statue of the king in full armor, which forms its central ornament, Henry asked the marshal, perhaps with the purpose of sounding him, "What, think you, would the king of Spain say if he saw me like that?" Biron, in his usual brusque manner, and without casting about for graceful compliments, replied, "Sire, he would have no fear of you at all." The king was piqued by the answer, and shortly afterwards retired to his cabinet. Presently Biron was summoned to his presence, and again urged to make a full confession. Again he refused, asserting that he had nothing to confess. "I want," said the king to Sully, "to pardon this unfortunate man; but I am afraid if I do so, he on his side will neither forgive me, nor my son, nor the State." Sully then endeavored to induce the marshal to make a full confession. But he met with no better success. "I have nothing to tell the king or you," was Biron's answer.

In the afternoon the king played at tennis, with the Comte de Soissons for his partner, against the Duc d'Epemont and Biron. The marshal made a brilliant stroke, which elicited from the king the remark, "You are a fine player, marshal, but you are never on good terms with your partner." And the onlookers, interpreting the words

by subsequent events, found in them a sinister meaning.

After the set was finished the king went to supper. Once more, through the Comte de Soissons, he endeavored to induce Biron to confess, but the latter strongly maintained his innocence. The next morning the king summoned him to the garden and asked him, "Well, Monsieur de Biron, is there no possible means by which we may learn something from you?" Then Biron lost his temper, breaking out into vehement invectives against all who had slandered him to the king. Henry at once took his measures. The marshal's friends advised him to escape. The Comtesse de Roussi sent him a note, saying, "If you are not off at once, in two hours you will be arrested." While playing at cards with the queen, the Comte d'Auvergne whispered in his ear, "It is not well for us to be here." Still, however, Biron lingered. At midnight, as he was leaving the king's apartment, he was arrested and confined in the Pavillon des Armes close to the tennis court. The next evening he was taken by boat to Paris to be imprisoned in the Bastille. There, a few weeks later, he was led by torchlight into the courtyard of the prison and beheaded. The one favor which Henry granted to his former friend was to spare him a public execution in the Place de la Grève.

Four years later Fontainebleau was the scene of a magnificent spectacle. The dauphin of France, afterwards Louis XIII., and his two sisters were baptized in the baptistery erected for the purpose in the gateway entering the Cour Ovale. The whole of the courtyard was covered over with an awning. All the *grandees* of the realm were present, and Pope Paul V. was represented by his legate as one of the godfathers. The ceremony, which began at four, ended at six. It was followed by illuminations, and banquetings continued into the next day. Never was such magnificence seen before. The hilt of the sword of the Duc d'Epéron was set with eighteen hundred diamonds; the dress of the

Marshal de Bassompierre, which cost six hundred crowns, was of violet cloth of gold, and in the embroidery there was employed fifty pounds weight of pearls. The baptism was accompanied also by strange portents in the sky. The heavens were lit up by a bright light which passed from east to west; armies of men, some on fiery cars, some on foot, some on horseback, fought battles in mid-air; the contest was furious, and multitudes seemed to be slain. The strange spectacle was interpreted by astrologers to mean that the young dauphin would receive the crown of Germany, reconquer Europe from the Turks, and overthrow the Ottoman Empire.

Throughout the reign of Louis XIII. the work of building and decoration continued without interruption. The monogram of the king and his wife, Anne of Austria, as well as inscriptions commemorating the victories of the modern Hercules over the Protestant heresies, attests the hand of the royal builder. He completed the chapel of the Holy Trinity; he built the external staircase by which the palace is entered on the western side, and in nearly all the rooms and galleries some traces of the decorative art of his reign may be seen. It is rather the art than the history of the time which is illustrated in the palace.

Few events of the reign are connected with Fontainebleau. But it was here that the peace with England was signed in 1629. Hither, also, came more than once, borne in his huge crimson litter, Richelieu, whose clear-cut Dantesque features tell their tale of imperial purpose and high resolve, and from whose pitiless lips so often issued the words *Pas de grâce*, which were fatal to hundreds besides Marion Delorme. Nor, if tradition be true, was Fontainebleau wholly unconnected with the birth of Louis XIV. In the neighborhood of the palace is a village named Féricy, renowned for the blessed waters of St. Osmane, which were celebrated for their efficacy among childless women. In 1637 water from this fountain was conveyed to the Louvre, and nine

months later, the queen, who had hitherto proved barren, bore a son and heir to the throne.

On May 4, 1643, Louis XIV. succeeded his father. During his childish years few personal associations connect him with Fontainebleau. The historical interest of the palace centres round two foreign queens, one of whom was an exile and the other had voluntarily abdicated her throne. In 1647 the palace offered an asylum to Queen Henrietta of England, and, nine years later, received Queen Christine of Sweden. With the latter guest is associated the tragedy of the death of Monaldeschi, whose sword and coat of mail are still preserved in the palace. The story of his murder which has been most generally followed is that told in the "Memoirs" of Madame de Motteville. From her pen the story has received many embellishments. But among the Harleian manuscripts is the official declaration of the only known eye-witness of the scene, and it is from his statement that the following account is mainly taken.

In 1656, Christine, queen of Sweden, had abdicated her throne, and passed through Paris on her way to Italy. She made her entry on horseback, accompanied by the Duc de Guise, who represented the king, and was received at the Louvre with every sign of royal friendship. But her eccentricities, her manners, her language, her oaths, in course of time, so disgusted her hosts, that, in the following year, when she announced her intention of revisiting Paris, she was asked to halt at Fontainebleau. There, in October, 1657, the king paid her a state visit, returning to the capital the next day.

A few days later, on November 10, was enacted that ghastly tragedy which sent a thrill of horror throughout civilized Europe. On November 6, the queen summoned to her presence the superior of the convent of the Mathurins, Father Lebel. She received him alone, bound him over to secrecy, and consigned to his care a sealed packet of papers. The following Saturday, on November 10, Lebel was again sent for.

On entering the Galerie des Cerfs, the door was closely shut behind him. Half-way down the gallery stood the queen, one of the gentlemen of her train, and three other persons with drawn swords. Christine asked for the packet of letters, broke the seals, showed some of the documents to her equerry, and asked if they were his. The equerry, who proved to be the Marquis de Monaldeschi, in trembling accents, denied that he had written them. They were, in fact, copies made by herself. Christine then showed him the originals, called him a traitor, and bade him acknowledge his hand. Monaldeschi then confessed the authorship of the letters, and, throwing himself upon his knees, implored pardon, casting the blame upon others, and making various excuses for his conduct.

Then Monaldeschi rose, and retired with the queen, first into one corner, then into another, of the gallery, praying her to hear his explanations. She listened with a totally unmoved countenance, sometimes asking a question, but never betraying the slightest sign of anger, and resting upon a round-handled stick of black ebony. At last, turning to Lebel, she said: "Father, be my witness that I am doing nothing in haste, and that I allow this perfidious traitor all the time, and more than all the time, he could have expected, to justify his conduct." And, in the hearing of Lebel, the marquis continued his pleadings. At the end of two hours, about three in the afternoon, she again turned to the priest, and said in a raised, but calm and serious, voice: "Father, I am about to withdraw. I leave this man to you. Prepare him for death, and take care of his soul." At these words, both Lebel and the marquis threw themselves at her feet, and pleaded for mercy. But Christine, addressing Lebel, told him that she could not grant him the favor which he asked. She had confided to Monaldeschi all her secrets, even all her thoughts, in the full belief that he was a faithful subject; she had heaped upon him benefits, as if he were her own and

dearly loved brother; she had condemned many a man to the wheel for less offences than this traitor had committed, and she, therefore, adhered to her determination. So saying, she left the room.

The three men with their swords drawn then came close to the marquis and urged him to confess, while Lebel, with tears in his eyes, exhorted him to ask pardon of God. Monaldeschi threw himself at the knees of the priest, and implored him to intercede with the queen. So piteous and moving were his entreaties, that Sentinelli, the leader of the three executioners, sought the presence of Christine, and begged her to spare him. He returned in a few minutes, and said, "Marquis, turn your thoughts to your soul and to God. You must die!" Then Lebel endeavored himself to divert the queen from her purpose. He found the blue-eyed, hawk-nosed woman as calm and collected as if she had given the simplest and most ordinary order. All his entreaties were utterly useless. He returned into the gallery, embraced the marquis, and exhorted him, in the most moving language at his command, to trust in God's mercy and prepare for death. At these words Monaldeschi uttered two or three piercing screams, and then, throwing himself on his knees before the priest, began to confess. In his agitation the confession was a jumble of Latin, French, and Italian.

Before the confession was completed, the royal almoner looked into the gallery. Seeing him, Monaldeschi sprang to his feet, and, without waiting for the absolution, implored his intercession. Seizing his hands, he pleaded so earnestly that the almoner left the room, taking with him the chief executioner. In a few minutes the latter returned alone, and, with the words, "Marquis, ask God's pardon! without further waste of time, you must die," drove him back against the wall at the end of the gallery. With his sword, he struck the victim in the stomach. Monaldeschi grasped the sword with his hand, and the other, drawing it from him, cut off two of his fingers. But the sword was

bent, showing that Monaldeschi wore, as proved to be the case, a coat of mail. Then one or other of the armed men struck him a blow in the face, and the marquis, crying "Father! father!" sank on his knees. Lebel drew near; the executioners stood back; and Monaldeschi, having completed his confession, received absolution. The moment that the words were said he received a violent blow over the head, and lay on the floor, making signs to the executioners to cut his throat. They struck him several times on the neck, but the coat of mail intercepted the blows. He was still living, when again the door opened, and the almoner entered. Crawling along the floor, the wounded wretch dragged himself to the feet of the almoner, and from him again received absolution. This given, Sentinelli drove his sword through the throat of Christine's victim. The marquis never spoke again. He lingered a quarter of an hour longer, while Lebel hung over him, crying "Jésus Maria," and other words of devotion. For many years the spot in the gallery where he breathed his last was marked with the word "Dieu," his last articulate utterance. At a quarter to four he was dead; at a quarter to six his corpse had been removed to the church at Avon, where a tablet, bearing the inscription "CY GIST MONALDELXI," still marks the place of his interment. On the Sunday following Christine sent a sum of money to Lebel to provide masses for the soul of her late servant.

The murder of Monaldeschi is the most striking scene which connects the reign of Louis XIV. with Fontainebleau. Though the Grand Monarque paid frequent visits to the palace, and though it was here that, in 1661, he proclaimed, with festivities of extraordinary splendor, the birth of his son, yet Versailles and Marly were his favorite residences, and it was there that he celebrated the victories of Condé, Turenne, Vauban, and Luxembourg. The structural and decorative changes at Fontainebleau which were his handiwork betray the character of the king and of his age. The canons

of pure taste, the laws of strict harmony, were forced to obey the will of the absolute despot. A profusion of heavy gilding marks the pomp and emphasis of the Augustan age of the Grand Monarque. In ingenious mythological fictions are celebrated the splendors of its Cæsar, who enters Dunkirk wearing the casque, breastplate, and cloak of a Roman, surmounted by the wig of the court of Versailles. As at Versailles, so at Fontainebleau, the king delighted in fountains, and the groups of statues in marble or bronze which adorn *les cascades* were the work of the sculptors of the period.

It was at Fontainebleau that Louis XIV. was first smitten with love for Louise de la Vallière. Here, in 1661, the year of his son's birth, the twenty-four *violons du roi* struck up the overture to the first representation of one of Molière's comedies, in which the author himself played a part. Here, in 1690, James II. of England found a refuge in the palace which had sheltered his mother. Here, from time to time, were celebrated the brilliant festivities which marked the early portion of the king's reign, and here, in gloom and darkness, the sun of France slowly set. Here, under the rule of Madame de Maintenon, piety became the fashion; here, in her pavilion, she shivered with the cold, while she consulted Moutier on new dishes to tickle the jaded palate of Louis. And it was at Fontainebleau that two of the most momentous events of the king's reign took place. Within the walls of the palace he signed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, and in 1700 decided to accept the will of Charles II., which left the throne of Spain to his grandson, the Duke of Anjou, afterwards Philip V. The council at which this last important step was taken was held in the room of Madame de Maintenon. In all his doubts and difficulties the king had long been accustomed to consult the woman whom he nicknamed "*La Solidité*" or "*La Raison*." Such deference to the judgment of a woman, even if she had been, as was supposed, the legal wife of the sovereign, was ex-

traordinary. "It was not without surprise," says St. Simon, "that France saw her assume a public part in the deliberation of affairs, and the astonishment was extreme when two councils met in her apartments to discuss the greatest and most important question which had ever been raised throughout the whole length of the reign." It was on the instigation of Madame de Maintenon that Louis took the momentous step which upset the balance of power and plunged Europe into war.

In September, 1715, Louis lay dying. For months past his health had been impaired, though he resented the suggestion of Madame de Maintenon that he should eat more sparingly of strawberries and peas, and abstain from highly seasoned dishes. His death was received by a depressed, despairing people with every demonstration of delight. He left behind him a kingdom drained of its resources, an empty treasury, a heavy burden of debt, a commerce and manufactures, which were once flourishing, almost extinguished. And among the enervated aristocracy who thronged to an idle, vicious, hypocritical court, there was not a single statesman who was capable of taking the helm of government. In the crowd that gathered in the faubourg to curse the conqueror, as his coffin was carried by bye-paths and unfrequented roads to St. Denis, might be seen the progenitors of that maddened mob who, eighty years later, violated his tomb, and scattered his ashes to the wind.

Louis XV. has left behind him innumerable traces, both constructive and destructive, of his reign at Fontainebleau. There, as elsewhere, the court danced its giddy dance of death in the years which preceded the Revolution. Throughout the whole period which elapsed between the death of the Grand Monarch and the convention of the States-General the popular indignation was steadily increasing. During the dissipations of the Regency, the dull decorum of the early period of the reign of Louis XV., the unbridled debauchery of his later years, the movement gathered irresistible strength.

With fatal skill the king carried on the work of destroying the grandeur of the French monarchy, and the part which he played at Fontainebleau was that of the destroyer of its buildings. His hand pulled down the famous Galerie d'Ulysse, in which Primaticcio and Niccolò dell' Abbate had painted the adventures of the king of Ithaca. His hand, again, demolished the Salle de la Belle Cheminée to make room for the theatre, which Madame de Pompadour raised in its place, and which was burned in 1856. Many existing portions of the palace date from his reign; but their external appearance is mean and ineffective. Their internal decoration, on the other hand, is often exquisitely graceful. The royal apartments, for instance, are beautiful examples of the style of Louis XV., the ceilings adorned by Boucher, the panels by Van Loo. But here, again, the artistic and the political history of the time go hand in hand. The strength and vigor of the *ancien régime* were sapped and weakened, while the one redeeming feature of a degenerate society was the grace and elegance of its manners. And even these were as artificial as were Boucher's affected grace, superficial charm of coloring, and figures drawn not from nature but from imagination.

It was at Rambouillet or at Choisy that Louis worked his tapestry, or delved, or turned, or cooked, with his own hands, the most delicate dishes of his *petits soupers*. But at Fontainebleau, each in their turn, the four sisters of the house of Nesle reigned as *maîtresses en titre*; here, also, Madame de Pompadour, and afterwards Madame du Barry, had their apartments. The queen, Maria Leczińska, seven years older than her boy bridegroom, was a plain, unintellectual, narrow-minded woman of exemplary piety. She was the mother of many of the king's children; but she was incapable of retaining, if she ever possessed, his affections. Her time was spent at her toilette, or at her prie-dieu, or at the lansquenet table. Play ran high at the court, and, if Voltaire is to be

trusted, cheating was practised in the apartments both of the queen and of Marie Antoinette. Whilst J. J. Rousseau fled from the court, Voltaire solicited its favors. One evening when he was in waiting as a gentleman in ordinary of the royal chamber, the Marquise de Châtelet lost eighty-four thousand francs at lansquenet in the queen's salon. Voltaire said to her in English, "You are playing with cheats." His remark was overheard, and he judged it prudent to take refuge at Sceaux, where he remained for several months in hiding.

The true queen of France, and not only queen, but regent and prime minister, was Madame de Pompadour. A brilliant horsewoman, Jeanne-Antoinette Poisson had first attracted the notice of the king by her equestrian skill and her velvet riding-habit of the bright blue known as *l'œil du roi*. Once installed as mistress, she completely dominated the king. Her fertile fancy and ready wit suggested amusements for his jaded appetite; she carefully consulted his gastronomic tastes in company with her famous *chef*, Mouthier, who inherited the genius of his father, and boasted of his descent from a line of cooks. Her indefatigable industry relieved his shoulders from all the burden of State business. Her supremacy was undisputed. Her artistic taste, aided by the graceful fancy of Boucher, is associated with every detail of the *style Louis XV.* It was at her request that the manufactories of Gobelins tapestry and Sèvres china were placed under royal patronage. The choice library which she gathered in her hotel, afterwards the *Elysée Bourbon*, the plates which she engraved, the pieces which she modelled in Sèvres, the rare medals and masterpieces of furniture which she collected, prove that, low-born though she was, she was not unfitted to direct the fashion of art and of dress.

It was in her theatre at Fontainebleau that, in 1752, was acted "*Le Devin du Village*," a new opera in one act, of which, says the *Gazette* of October 21, the "*Sieur Rousseau de Genève*" is the

author. Vast sums were expended on Madame de Pompadour's theatre, and, to make room for it, a masterpiece of sixteenth-century art was, as has been already said, destroyed by the king's orders. The people, dying of hunger, miserable, and desperate, bitterly complained, according to the "*Journal d'Argenson*," of the reckless expenditure. The representation of "*Le Devin du Village*" thus groups in effective proximity the principal elements of the impending Revolution — the growing resentment of a starving people, the reckless prodigality of the court, the charm of its high-bred society, the contempt for the glories of the past, and the man who, beyond all others, translated into an eloquent theory the callous offences of an aristocratic clique, and muttered execrations of an unprivileged majority.

In Rousseau's "*Confessions*" will be found an amusing description of the scene. With all his affectation of the *ton romain*, Jean-Jacques was as shamefaced and self-conscious as an awkward schoolboy in the presence of the fashionable world. With untidy dress, unkempt beard, and ill-combed perruque, he found himself placed in a prominent position in the centre of a gorgeously dressed crowd, and immediately opposite the box in which were seated the king and Madame de Pompadour. Many of the men were clad in coats of that shade of blue which had come to be known, not as *l'ail du roi* but as *bleu Pompadour*, and which Voltaire himself did not disdain to wear. The ladies wore the *fichus* and *coiffures à la Marquise*; the sword-knots of the soldiers were tied in the *rosette à la Pompadour*. As soon as the great lights were lit, Rousseau found himself among the crowd of court beauties — the only man in that part of the theatre. He expected to be treated with haughty coldness. On the contrary, he found every one civil and attentive. Ill at ease, he made speeches to himself. As to his beard, it was the work of nature. His dress was simple, but not dirty. If he was thought to be ridiculous or impertinent, he cared nothing for undeserved blame. Thus soliloquizing, he encour-

aged himself to bear with intrepidity the curiosity with which he was regarded.

His opera proved a complete success. The ladies all around him wept, and Rousseau also wept, delighted to give pleasure to so many women, who were "beautiful as angels." As to the king, the music was, for the next twenty-four hours, always in his mouth. He never ceased singing, in a voice which was more out of tune than any other in the kingdom, "*J'ai perdu mon serviteur*." The triumph which his opera obtained put Rousseau at his ease. But during the night all his fears returned. He was to be presented to the king, and there was a talk of a pension. He wished, he says, so far as was compatible with the tone and air of severity that he had adopted, to show himself sensible of the honor paid him by the king. But his unreadiness of speech and his constitutional timidity convinced him that he would be entirely at a loss for words. Almost before day-break he pleaded ill health, and fled from Fontainebleau.

The Triasons at Versailles are more closely associated with Marie Antoinette than the boudoirs of Fontainebleau. It was at Versailles, among her milkmaids and shepherdesses, that she struck the first blow in the cause of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" by abolishing the *tabouret*, a privilege of being seated in the presence of the king and queen. It was there also that she developed her passion for gambling, for lavishing extravagant gifts on her favorites, for introducing outrageous fashions and headdresses, like the "*Ques-a-cos*,"¹ or mythological edifices. But, as a skilful horsewoman, she delighted in the forest of Fontainebleau, and in the graceful refinement of the boudoir at the palace the artistic skill of the age is well displayed. Upon its decoration the genius of Rousseau and Barthélemy was employed. In the

¹ "*Ques-a-co*?" is the Provençal for "*Qu'est-ce que cela*?" The word was used satirically by Beaumarchais in one of his memorials addressed to his judges in the *Procès Goetzman*. It was seized upon by the Parisian wig-makers, and applied to a head-dress introduced by Marie Antoinette.

centre of the parquet floor appear, from the midst of a sun, the letters "M. A.," which formed the monogram of the ill-fated queen. Tradition attributes the ironwork of one of the windows of the bedroom to the blacksmith's skill of Louis XVI. In the adjoining bedroom her bed is preserved, hung with tapestry, designed by a pupil of Boucher. The hangings were ordered at Lyons, and they were still unfinished when the Revolution broke out. More than twenty years later they were presented by the city of Lyons to Marie Louise on her marriage with the Emperor Napoleon I.

None of the French palaces exercised so peculiar a fascination for Napoleon as the *Maison des Siècles* of Fontainebleau. The palace was refurbished and redecorated, till it was said that the wonders of Marly would have paled beside the magnificence of the imperial residence. It was here also that he lodged his royal prisoners, Charles IV. of Spain in 1808, and Pope Pius VII. in 1812. The pope had already visited Fontainebleau as an honored guest. In September, 1804, Napoleon had invited the pope to give by his presence the highest religious sanction to the consecration and coronation of the first emperor of the French. The sovereign pontiff was met at the *Croix de St. Hérem*, in the heart of the forest, by Napoleon, on horseback, and in hunting dress. Seated on the right of the consul, escorted by a troop of Mamelukes, the representative of Catholic Christendom entered the palace, through lines of troops, and amid salvos of artillery. The pope's second visit was made under very different circumstances.

Angry discussions and disputes subsequently broke out between the emperor and the pope, which ended in Napoleon's determination to confiscate the Roman States. The Castle of St. Angelo was occupied by the French troops in 1809, and the pope was removed from Rome to Savona. There he remained till June, 1812. Suddenly the emperor, then on the eve of starting for the expedition against Russia,

determined to remove him to Fontainebleau. So rapidly was the removal accomplished, that the pope arrived before the orders for his reception. Refused admittance at the gates of the palace, he was lodged till the evening in a house opposite the *Cour des Adieux*, now the famous *Hôtel de France*. The house was then occupied by a dentist. Had it been the hotel, presided over by a worthy predecessor of Monsieur or Madame Dumaine, Pius VII. would probably have preferred to remain there during the whole time of his captivity. In the palace of Fontainebleau, in the apartments still known by his name, the pope lived for nearly eighteen months. When Napoleon returned from Russia, he charged the Bishop of Nantes to re-open negotiations with the pope on the subject of the Concordat. In January, 1813, the emperor himself arrived unexpectedly in the apartments of the pope. Embracing his captive with effusive affection, he protested his filial devotion. The pope, so runs the legend, replied with the single word, "Comédiant." Beside himself with anger, Napoleon stormed and threatened. In the midst of the outburst, the laconic pope murmured another single word, "Tragédiant." A second interview proved more successful. In the presence of the emperor, Marie Louise, and the whole court, the pope signed the famous Concordat at Fontainebleau on January 25, 1813.

But another year elapsed before the pope's release. His signature of the Concordat did, indeed, make a change in his position. He was allowed the attendance of his suite, and twenty-seven cardinals were lodged in the palace or the town, each with their train of attendants, and each dressed, according as they had upheld or annulled the marriage with Josephine, in black or red. Their memory yet lingers in the culinary art of preparing *les haricots du Cardinal*. It was not till January, 1814, that the pope was released from his captivity at Fontainebleau.

It was at Fontainebleau that Napo-

leon, riding with a single attendant day after day for hours together through the forest of Fontainebleau, planned the divorce of Josephine. Fontainebleau had been the scene of the culmination of his audacity and pride; it was the spot on which he had meditated his most callous act of cruelty and ingratitude. By a fitting retribution, it was destined to be also the stage on which was enacted his downfall.

Among the suite of apartments built by Louis XV., on the site of a gallery constructed in the reigns of Francis I. and Henry II., is the room in which Napoleon signed his abdication on April 5, 1814. "The allied powers having proclaimed that the Emperor Napoleon was the sole obstacle to the re-establishment of the peace of Europe, the emperor, faithful to his oath, declares that he abandons for himself and for his heirs all claims upon the thrones of France and Italy, and that there is no personal sacrifice, including even that of his life, which he is not prepared to make in the interest of France." The writing-table on which the abdication was signed, the pen with which he wrote his name, are preserved in the room. Adjoining it is the bedroom where, on the night of April 12, as Baron Fain¹ relates, Napoleon attempted to commit suicide. During the retreat from Moscow Napoleon carried about with him a quantity of opium, which he had determined to take sooner than fall alive into the hands of the enemy. On this night of April 12 his valet heard him get up and, looking through the half-open door, saw him mix something in a glass of water, drink it, and then go back to bed. Shortly afterwards he was seized with the most violent pains. Dr. Yvan, from whom he had procured the poison, lost his head with terror, rushed out into the courtyard, leaped on a horse which he found tethered at the gate, and dashed into the forest. Meanwhile, the emperor gradually revived; the

dose was either insufficient, or the drug had lost its strength. The next morning he had reconciled himself to life, and surrendered himself to whatever destiny his star might have in store for him.

On April 20, 1814, the emperor left Fontainebleau as a banished man. At twelve o'clock it had always been his practice to hold a review of the troops quartered at Fontainebleau. At the usual hour on this April 20 he left his room dressed in his uniform as a colonel of Chasseurs. With rapid step he descended the staircase of the great courtyard, and on the last flight paused to look quickly round him. General Petit came to the foot of the staircase to receive his orders, and a circle of officers was formed, in the centre of which stood the emperor. He raised his hand. It was the sign that he was about to speak. Every man was silent, and in the deepest stillness he began the words, "Officers, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers of the Old Guard, I come to bid you farewell." Then, having finished his speech, he embraced General Petit, and, covering the eagle with kisses, he seated himself in a carriage, and drove rapidly away.

With the farewell of Napoleon I. the historical charms of Fontainebleau come to an end. There is no element of poetry in the flight of Charles X., still less in that of Louis Philippe. The downfall of Napoleon III. is too recent to be invested with the glamour of romance. But let the imagination wander back over the centuries of French history, and what a wealth of associations it conjures up, what dramatic scenes it re-enacts, what brilliant throngs of famous men and women it recalls to life!

As the shades of evening fall over the Cour des Adieux, and the wind sighs through the archways, the whole space is crowded with the shadowy figures of the heroes of a hundred fights, while they strain their ears to catch the hurried, broken farewell of their dethroned and exiled emperor. Here is the site of the theatre where Jean-Jacques sat abashed by the pres-

¹ Manuscrit de 1813, contenant le précis des événements de cette année, pour servir à l'histoire de l'empereur Napoléon. Paris, 1824-5. 2 vols. 8vo.

ence of the brilliant society to which his eloquent theories proved so deadly a foe. In this salon Marshal Saxe, slumbering heavily on the prie-dieu, wins the heart of Maria Leczinska by the exemplary length of his prayers and confession; in that, a gay crowd meets at the table where Madame de Pompadour dispenses her wit, her wine, and her smiles, and among them is Voltaire, clad in the blue livery of the reigning favorite. Here is the room in which Madame de Maintenon shivered, and knitted, and read her books of devotion, and here is the Council Chamber where her answer to the "Qu'en pense votre Solidité?" of Louis XIV. plunged Europe into twelve years of war. At the end of this long gallery, the wretched Monaldeschi implores for mercy, groveling at the feet of the pitiless Christine of Sweden. Through this courtyard, borne by twenty liveried bearers, moves the huge red litter of Cardinal Richelieu. Here is the garden, in which Henry IV. walks with his hand on the shoulder of Biron; here is the gallery, with its equestrian statue of the king where the marshal lost by a clumsy answer his best hope of pardon; here the doorway at which he was arrested, here the pavilion to which he was hurried, and which he only left for the Bastille and the block. Through this chamber rings the voice of Coligny as he demands toleration for the Protestants. Here the stout, muddy-complexioned Catherine de Medici walks at nightfall, asking of the stars the time when vengeance and power shall be hers. Here is the doorway through which escapes the Duchesse d'Etampes, fleeing from the revenge of her rival, Diane de Poitiers. Here is the chapel in which the fur-cloaked courtiers of St. Louis find themselves unwillingly pledged to leave France and join in the Crusades.

And on all these scenes the architecture of the palace is an eloquent commentary. It is like the music which accompanies and explains the words. Each change in style and taste illustrates the close connection between the art and the mental or the moral charac-

ter of the age. The religious awe of the Middle Ages, the need of defence, the anarchy of feudalism, are preserved in the crypt of St. Saturnin, and the shape of the Cour Ovale. The graceful paganism of Francis I., twining round Gothic forms, which have not wholly lost their meaning or their strength, marks the transition from the feudal to the modern world, from the ages of faith to the classicism of the Renaissance, and, by its exaggeration, often betrays the sudden passage from simple ignorance to excessive refinement. In the reign of Henry IV., the harmony between painting, sculpture, and architecture, which reached their perfection under Henry II., has lost its freshness, its spontaneity, its simplicity, its ease. The object of artists is novelty; the decorations have lost their lightness, the details are vicious, the general impression is labored, the instinctive perfection of taste is exchanged for imitation. Art, like every other department of national life, has lost its spirit in religious and civil discord. In the reign of Louis XIII., art has travelled yet further from its classic inspiration. Still more marked is the decadence under the Grand Monarque. Size, profusion, pomp, emphasis, display, characterize the gilding and the stucco, in which the achievements are celebrated of an all-powerful monarch, who makes the laws of harmony bow to his despotic will, and whose best artistic representative is Boule. Destruction is one keynote of the changes made by Louis XV.; where his hand is the hand of the builder or the decorator, the work is wanting in strength, and is scarcely more conspicuous for its grace and elegance than for its affectation, its whimsical caprice, its unprincipled regularity. With the Empire stricter canons of taste and beauty are restored, the juster principles of classic art are revived, but at the sacrifice of the traditions of the past, and with the loss of its national inspiration. And, lastly, the revival of a love of antiquity, the reaction against the violence of revolution, the return of older habits of thought, are displayed in the careful

restorations of the Gothic revival which was inaugurated at the Restoration, and was inspired by the Romantic movement of the nineteenth century.

From *The Argosy*.

AN ADOPTED CHILD.

I.

FROM time immemorial Blankton had been a quiet little village, with nothing to distinguish it in any way from hundreds of similar villages scattered throughout the length and breadth of England. A rustic cricket match was an event in the annals of the parish. As a rule, the villagers found that the annual school treat and harvest home satisfied all their cravings for amusement. And then, all in a moment, Blankton became famous.

When the new line of railway, that was to carry civilization into the most remote regions, had been planned, it had skirted contemptuously outside the village, not considering it even worthy of a wayside station. Yet after all it was through the instrumentality of the railway that Blankton achieved celebrity. That summer afternoon was long remembered in the neighborhood, when what was locally known as the three o'clock express, instead of pressing on as usual to its far-off destination in the metropolis, suddenly forsook the line, and, plunging down the steep embankment, came to a standstill in a large field of standing oats. This deviation from the ordinary routine at once brought death and desolation to at least a dozen homes.

Amidst the hideous sights and sounds inseparable from a railway accident, one passenger remained comparatively calm. Miss Whimper was in the act of collecting her numerous parcels preparatory to getting out at the next station, when a series of irresistible jerks dashed her on the floor of the carriage, where she lay partially stunned while the engine ploughed such a furrow into the yielding earth, that many a harvest was gathered in before the ominous dent was altogether effaced. The jerks

terminated in a comprehensive crash, after which Miss Whimper was surprised to find herself still alive. She lay for some time huddled up in a corner, vaguely expecting a renewal of the fearful leaps and jumps that had just subsided. All being still, it gradually occurred to her that she had better get up and see whether her parcels had sustained any injury. One especially, that contained a new tea-service, began to give her grave anxiety. This tea-service was the principal purchase she had made during a rare visit to some friends, and it would have been too vexing to find, after all, that some of the pretty blue and gold cups were chipped, or even broken. But Miss Whimper had some difficulty in ascertaining the fate of her china, for it seemed that the carriage had in some mysterious way altered its shape while she was lying on the floor. The light now seemed to come from overhead, accompanied from time to time by a plentiful shower of broken glass. In vain she looked for the windows, and it was many minutes before she ascertained that she was lying on one of them, and staring up at the other.

"There must have been some sort of accident," she muttered, mechanically rearranging her bonnet-strings. "What a mercy there is no net damage done! And how very fortunate I was travelling alone. Fancy rolling under the seat at my age! Why I could never have looked any one in the face again if I had been seen."

When the poor lady had laboriously freed herself from the heap of cushions and packages that had accumulated around her, she deliberately took out her handkerchief, tied it to the handle of her umbrella, and standing on tip-toe contrived to wave the little white pennon through the broken window above. Not that she was impatient. Other people she knew might have been inconvenienced by the strange vagaries of the engine. Probably the guard was at present busy explaining to the other passengers what had happened, and helping them to collect their loose parcels. Very possibly some of the other

ladies had been frightened at first, as she had been, until it turned out that after all there was very little harm done. Miss Whimper had no fear of being neglected. Railway officials are proverbially attentive, and no doubt in response to her signal, one would soon come to her assistance. In point of fact about a quarter of an hour elapsed before a man's head appeared at the aperture above. On finding that the pale and begrimed stranger was not in any way connected with the train, Miss Whimper rather hesitated about accepting his proffered help, for she felt that an elderly lady of short stature must unavoidably present a somewhat ridiculous appearance climbing up a hat-rack, which, however, seemed the only visible mode of exit. She therefore, after an elaborate apology for the trouble she was giving, begged that the guard might be sent for without delay. The pale-faced man (remembering with a shudder how he had last seen the guard) replied that it was at present absolutely impossible to comply with her request, and that she must accept him as a substitute. After a short discussion Miss Whimper at last allowed him to hoist her bodily through the window. Her surprise was excessive on first realizing her surroundings.

"Why, we are out in farmer Jackson's ten-acre piece, I declare!" she exclaimed in helpless astonishment. "Now, I was saying to myself that the oats were fit to cut as I looked out of the window, and here we are treading them down! What a pity it seems! I never knew—I fancied—what has happened?"

"Never mind," interrupted the pale-faced man. "Now just take my arm and shut your eyes."

Luckily the instinct of obedience was strong in Miss Whimper. She clung to the stranger's arm and walked forward blindfold, totally unconscious that she was passing sights that haunted many of the spectators to their dying day.

"Now I dare say you can find your way to the village," said the stranger, pausing as he reached a foot-path at the end of the field.

"Find my way indeed!" replied Miss Whimper, opening her eyes with a start. "Well, considering my father was rector of Blankton for forty-three years, and that I was born and bred here, I should think I can find my way! That is my house, with the roses growing up the verandah, close to the church. When my dear father died, and I had to leave the rectory, I said I could never live anywhere but —"

"Excuse me," interrupted the stranger, "if you are so near home, I advise you to walk quietly on. Your parcels? Oh yes, they are all right. Don't think of coming back. I must see if I can be of any more use. Oh no; you could do nothing, and it really isn't a place for ladies." With these words he turned back towards the black, smoking mass that lay like an ugly blot on the waving yellow surface of the oats.

Miss Whimper continued her walk along the well-known path leading to the village. She felt rather shaken and fatigued by her recent experiences. "At my age one cannot tumble about with impunity," she thought; and then reflected sadly on her lack of presence of mind in not having particularly requested her late companion to rescue the new tea service. Presently an old woman hurried by, carrying a little girl of about two years old in her arms. From the child's appearance it was obvious that she had just been saved from the wreckage of the train.

"What a pretty little thing! Where are you taking her?" inquired Miss Whimper. "Who is in charge of her? Surely her mother or her nurse must be here!"

"Ay, they are here, like enough!" returned the woman. And in a few realistic words, she told Miss Whimper more about the accident than she even suspected before.

"Take the child to my house at once!" cried the old lady, trembling with horror as she dimly realized what she had just escaped. "The work-house indeed! Never! whilst I have a home to offer the poor innocent!"

So the child's fate was decided, and

Rose Cottage became her home. The next few days constituted an epoch of altogether unwonted excitement in Blankton. The village was overrun with reporters sent down by all the leading papers. They interviewed the clergyman, the schoolmaster, and the parish clerk. Any person who had witnessed the accident, even from a distance, was temporarily converted into a hero. It slowly dawned on Miss Whimper, as she saw sketches of her native village in all the illustrated papers, that she had taken part in the most fatally famous railway accident of the year. "And to think that I was fidgetting all the time about those bits of china!" as she remarked to her friends, when they came to congratulate her on her wonderful escape. And then the conversation invariably drifted off to the forlorn little girl who ever since that dreadful day had been the petted idol of Miss Whimper's quiet household. So attached did the old lady become to her little charge that it was with a distinct sense of relief that she ascertained that all efforts to trace the child's parentage had failed. The only body that was not identified at the inquest was that of a homely looking, middle-aged woman, whom a passenger remembered to have seen carrying the child at the last station. The extreme plainness of her clothes, compared with those of the little girl, caused it to be generally assumed that she was a nurse travelling with her mistress's child.

The name Beatrice, beautifully embroidered on the child's linen, was found to be no clue to her parentage. So all the advertisements and police researches having failed, the poor woman was quietly buried under the elm-trees in Blankton churchyard, and little Beatrice was practically adopted by Miss Whimper.

II.

BLANKTON soon subsided again into its normal condition of peaceful obscurity. The sudden interest that the civilized world manifested in its doings, as suddenly died out again at the end of one short week. A powerful counter-

attraction in the shape of a gigantic fire in a north-country town, drew off all the reporters simultaneously, and Blankton's brief day of fame was over. Some green mounds in the churchyard, and a little golden-haired child at Rose Cottage, were the only permanent changes left by the famous accident.

As years rolled by, Beatrice rapidly developed from an engaging child into a very pretty girl. She also enjoyed the inestimable advantage of being the only person in Blankton with any approach to a history. As a matter of course she was the idol of Miss Whimper's declining years, and the old lady's modest income, which had hitherto been chiefly devoted to charitable purposes, was now freely lavished on Beatrice's education and pleasures. From sheer force of habit, the girl accepted it all without any special feeling of gratitude. Indeed it seemed quite natural that she should have the best of everything, being young, and consequently able to enjoy it. That Miss Whimper's brown stuff gown should be made by the village dressmaker, whilst Beatrice's costumes emanated from the most expensive establishment in the county town, seemed an altogether befitting arrangement, seeing that at twenty, clothes make such a difference to one's appearance, whilst a wrinkled little old lady, with grey curls on either side of her face, must necessarily be outside the pale of all such considerations.

Human nature being what it is, it will not surprise any one to learn that Beatrice had her detractors; unpleasant people who talked about beggars on horseback, and dared to think that it would have been wiser to bring the girl up to earn her livelihood as a governess. But even those neighbors who held these views most strongly seldom dared to air them in the presence of Miss Whimper. From the first that good lady firmly maintained, that if ever the lost child's parentage came to be known, it would be found that she belonged to people moving in the highest ranks of society. Miss Whimper had repeated this formula so long, that

she came to regard, what was after all only a supposition, completely in the light of a revealed truth. She consequently brought up her charge in the belief that she was of superior clay to her immediate surroundings, and Beatrice took very readily to the notion.

One bright day in the early autumn, this young lady might have been seen walking down the village street, with an unusually gloomy expression on her fair face. The little basket of dainties in her hand betrayed that she was going to visit a sick person. But she did not like her errand, and she did not trouble to dissimulate her repugnance. She was almost angry with old Nancy for insisting upon seeing her, when the villagers must all have known perfectly well how much she objected to taking part in deathbed scenes. If it had not been for Miss Whimper's gentle exertion of authority she would probably have declined the visit altogether. As it was, she had postponed it upon one pretext and another until the afternoon, although the old woman had summoned her many hours before.

"It's all very well for auntie," she thought, as she strolled moodily along. "Of course her father was the clergyman here, and she knows what to do for sick people, and doesn't mind stuffy rooms. Oh, bother!"

The last exclamation was elicited by the appearance of a young man with a gun over his shoulder. The new arrival was tall, strong, and rather handsome; his good looks, however, being somewhat marred by an indefinable air of clumsiness that pervaded his whole person, from his black whiskers to his ill-fitting knickerbockers.

"Where are you going?" began Beatrice sharply, without any previous form of greeting.

"Well, I was going out just to see if I could pick up a rabbit or two," replied the young man, in a deprecating voice. "It seemed a pity to waste such a fine day. But if there is anything I can do —"

"Oh, I wouldn't detain you for worlds!" interrupted the girl. "Especially when you have devised such

an original mode of occupying yourself. Let me see — how many days this week have you worried the rabbits?"

"Well, I have been after them several times lately," he admitted. "But really I should like to come with you and carry your basket. There's nothing I should like better."

"Don't talk so absurdly!" exclaimed Beatrice, jerking away the basket so suddenly that the beef-tea splashed all over the custard-pudding. "Now, your strong point being truthfulness, you had better confess at once that you are longing to get over that gate, and carry out the rest of your humane programme. I am hurrying to see a dying woman, so I am afraid I can't waste any more time talking at present."

This time the young man took his dismissal. Leaving her without a word, he got over the gate, and soon disappeared behind the leafy hedges. Beatrice continued her walk with a slightly heightened color and a perceptibly increased air of annoyance. It would hardly have occurred to a spectator that the two who had just parted so abruptly were engaged to be married. And in that fact lay the whole secret of the girl's unreasonable temper. Until John Cooper made love to her she regarded him with the temperate liking that one extends to the majority of people one has known from childhood. In the capacity of a lover he bored her, and his unornamental virtues jarred on her fastidious taste; but at first unwilling to give pain, she had contented herself with parrying his advances so skilfully as to avert a regular offer. Being endowed with much sharper wits than her admirer, things might have gone on quietly in this way for an indefinite time, if it had not been for the appearance of the new rector's daughters on the scene. Adela and Lily Price were fine young women, with well-defined ideas on the subject of matrimony, and without a moment's delay they proceeded to lay siege to Mr. Cooper's rather susceptible heart. This was more than Beatrice's philosophy could stand. Maddened by the spec-

tacle of her late adorer wavering in his allegiance, she entered the lists with the Prices, and, in an evil moment for herself, won an easy victory, and became John Cooper's promised wife. The transitory enjoyment of witnessing the Prices' mortification when the engagement was given out, was the only pleasure she had yet derived from the affair. The meeting just recorded was a very fair sample of their relations to one another.

In a few minutes Beatrice was knocking at the door of the tumble-down cottage on the outskirts of the village. On entering the room in which the dying woman lay she did not experience any of the involuntary reverence that is awakened in most people by the near approach of death in any form. She was merely conscious of the more repulsive features of the scene — the dusty furniture, and confusion of dirty cups and basins, containing the remnants of past meals that were scattered about the table. Her first care was to seat herself as far from the bed as possible, whilst an untidy woman, who it appeared was Nancy's daughter, took the basket and unpacked its contents, accompanying the operation with perpetual exclamations of gratitude.

"Mother's been wanting to see you ever so, miss," she began, when the last little delicacy was deposited safely on the table. "There's been some'ut on her mind that's troubled her mortal bad these last days. She couldn't bring herself to name it even to me till near daybreak — well, it might be three o'clock then. She were a-groaning away to herself, and a-clutching at the sheets, and I promised her as how I'd send for you soon as ever the boy had done milking —"

"I know," interrupted Beatrice, "you sent up for me early, but I was busy all the morning. And I do not see what use I am now," she added, glancing towards the motionless figure lying in the corner.

Then ensued a long and involved explanation on the part of the woman, to which Beatrice listened with very slender interest. She did not really at all

care to know what Nancy's symptoms had been up to the last, or to learn in detail how, after passing a restless night, the old woman had sunk into a torpor which, according to the doctor, would before long terminate in death. Without being precisely heartless Beatrice had a great dislike to all that appertained to sickness and poverty. If she could have her way all misery would be cured by magic, but she felt no instinctive longing personally to relieve pain, or bring comfort to the afflicted. But suddenly the woman's words arrested her attention — apathy was exchanged for extreme excitement. Beatrice started up and poured out a volley of questions, to which the woman, with the circumlocution of her class, carefully avoided any direct answer.

"Yes! But I don't care to hear what the neighbors said and what you thought!" interrupted Beatrice impatiently. "Repeat to me what you were telling just now about the railway accident and what it is that Nancy knows!" Her cheeks were flaming as she spoke. She felt on the eve of a great discovery.

"Well, I never, miss! How you do take on to be sure! And it's no such great matter after all," continued the woman soothingly.

"Make haste then, and tell me all about it your own way," said Beatrice, sinking back on a chair, and mastering her emotion as best she could.

The whole story briefly amounted to this. On the day of the famous accident, Nancy had assisted at the removal of the victims to the inn. It appeared that yielding to a sudden temptation she had appropriated a small parcel out of the pocket of the unfortunate woman who was popularly considered to be Beatrice's nurse. This parcel Nancy had kept by her ever since, a superstitious terror of incurring the resentment of the dead woman having prevented her from making any use of its contents. Now on her deathbed she was stricken with remorse, and full of anxiety to restore the missing property as nearly as possible to its original owner.

"And is that all? Everything you know?" demanded the girl imperiously. "And where are the things your mother stole? give me my property at once!" she continued in a voice trembling with anger and excitement.

"Lor, miss! How you do speak out, to be sure! Poor mother, there, she never meant to do you a harm, for certain. Any way you'd never go to disturb her when she's just passing away, as quiet as a lamb."

"Give me my property at once," reiterated the girl, "or I will send for some one who will make you!"

Frightened by the awful vagueness of this threat, and with visions of policemen, armed with all the terrors of the law, floating before her eyes, the woman went to the bedside, and tried to remove some object from under the pillow. But the stiffened hand of the dying woman retained its grasp, and it was not until Beatrice, with averted eyes, lent her help, that the bony, wrinkled fingers relaxed their hold. A packet about four inches square, folded inside some dirty newspapers, did not seem a great acquisition. Yet Beatrice felt that it contained her fate. She could not wait to return home but tore off the string at once, and turned the contents of the parcel out on the shabby patchwork quilt that lay across the bed. A fine cambric handkerchief, with a beautifully embroidered monogram, three half-crowns, and a tiny gold locket. That was all! The girl simply gasped with astonishment. If the packet had contained a tiara of diamonds or a family pedigree, it would have astonished her far less.

Indeed she had quite expected some such *dénouement* to the scene; some decisive discovery that would entirely alter her whole life.

"Can it be all? There must be something more!" she repeated feverishly, as she turned the little articles over and over in her hands. "Oh, why did I not know sooner!" she broke out passionately. "Nancy could have told me more; she must have found

some other traces. I will find out yet. Make your mother speak, can't you!" And she turned angrily on the wondering woman at her side.

"It isn't no manner o' use speaking to mother any more, miss," she replied stolidly. "She's going to glory, she is, and it ain't no use a hindering of her with questions and such like."

But Beatrice was not to be deterred. Overcoming her natural repugnance, she drew back the faded cotton curtain that partially concealed the old woman, and bent over the bed.

"Nancy," she said, in a hard, metallic voice, "tell me what you did with the rest of my things? There must have been something more valuable! I will know the truth!"

There was no reply. The old woman lay motionless, her dim eyes half closed. She drew her breath with evident difficulty, and with a low, moaning accompaniment. It was obvious, even to one ignorant of such matters, that the end was very near. Then suddenly a great terror fell upon Beatrice, and fearful lest the old woman should die in her very presence, she swept together the little articles on the quilt, and hurried out of the room.

It was impossible to return at once to Rose Cottage and Miss Whimper's kindly scrutiny. There were many things to be thought over; whether to make known the discovery as far as it went, or to keep it a secret for the present, being the principal point that Beatrice was debating feverishly in her own mind. So she turned up a narrow, grassy lane, where she could stroll along as slowly as she pleased, without fear of interruption. But as she turned a corner, all thought was rendered impossible, by the extraordinary medley of sounds that greeted her ear. The yells, howls, and imprecations, interrupted from time to time by the sharp report of a gun, suggested the idea that something of the nature of a South American revolution had broken out in the neighborhood. Even Beatrice, preoccupied as she was, felt bound to make further investigations. But the first

glance through a gap in the hedge, dispelled the illusion that anything approaching a social tragedy was in progress. It was merely one of the farmers cutting his last bit of barley, and, as was customary, all the farm men were assembled with a view to securing the rabbits that had taken refuge in the rapidly diminishing patch. There was not more than half an acre left standing now, and at every circuit of the machine some poor rabbit, realizing that his sanctuary would shortly cease to exist, made a bold rush for life across the open space that separated him from the friendly shelter of the hedgerow. As each rabbit appeared, it was mobbed by half-a-dozen laborers, and their attendant sheep dogs, the waving of sticks, throwing of stones, and fearful clamor of upraised voices being calculated to bewilder a much bolder animal. But in spite of apparently overpowering odds, many a rabbit would have escaped, if Mr. Cooper had not been standing quietly under the great oak-tree, and rolling them over with a charge of No. 6 shot through their heads, just as the worst of the danger seemed over.

This sight added the last touch to Beatrice's annoyance. Rather unreasonably she ignored the fact that the presence of a gun probably saved many a rabbit from crawling off to die with a broken leg, for though the laborers often succeed in inflicting injuries with their different missiles, it is comparatively seldom that they manage to pick up their victims. But wilfully disregarding this view of the case, she only felt a movement of contempt and disgust for a man who could amuse himself in this fashion. Every moment the excitement grew louder and more furious, as the patch of standing barley diminished in size, until at the last round, as all the rabbits rushed out, rather than be cut to pieces by the machine, the yells became simply frenzied. Then Beatrice turned and hurried home, fearing, if she waited longer, that she might risk another encounter with her lover.

III.

It is difficult to describe the extreme bitterness with which Beatrice brooded over her fate during the next few days. Brought up by Miss Whimper to regard herself as a kind of princess in disguise, she naturally accepted all that the old lady did for her with an undercurrent of feeling that after all she had not received her deserts. Rose Cottage for a home, and John Cooper for a husband, would have done all very well if she had really been Miss Whimper's niece. But under those circumstances she would probably have been a very homely, unornamental little person, the very opposite in fact to what was actually the case. And now she had been on the very verge of discovering the great secret that would have opened to her a new existence, and had been disappointed only by a series of trivial accidents. She was furious with herself for having postponed her visit to Nancy until it was too late, and still more so with the old woman whose original fault had caused all the trouble. Her anger extended in some sort to Miss Whimper, who surely might have made more searching inquiries at the time of the accident. She even felt a certain spite against the dead woman who had been lying for so many years under the green mound in the churchyard. It must have been in some measure owing to her carelessness that there was so little by which to identify the child. In the mean time, a sort of sullen reticence prevented Beatrice from mentioning what had occurred in the cottage. Nancy died without regaining consciousness, and for the present all hope of further revelations seemed at an end.

"Please, ma'am, the schoolmistress has just sent up to say the inspector gentleman has arrived, and would you please come to the school," said the neat maidservant, entering Miss Whimper's sunny drawing-room a few days later. There was nothing unusual about the announcement, as Miss Whimper had for many years been a sort of self-constituted curate, and

nothing of the least importance ever went on in the parish without her presence and sanction. There was always a little friendly rivalry between her and the rector's family, both wishing to entertain the distinguished ecclesiastical visitors, who from time to time came to Blankton in an official capacity. As a rule Miss Whimper quite held her own, for though the bishop had once dined and slept at the rectory on the occasion of the church opening, the archdeacon had quite restored the balance by taking tea at Rose Cottage three years running, before starting to catch his train. School inspectors were a sort of debatable ground.

"Beatrice, my love," said Miss Whimper, after a few moments of anxious thought, "I am exceptionally busy this morning, as Ellen is making the damson jam, and I never can trust her to remove the stones carefully unless I am in and out of the kitchen all the time. Of course I must go down to the school presently, particularly as I know the rector has had a touch of bronchitis and is confined to the house. But I wish you would put on your hat and just run down and tell Mr. Grainger that I hope to see him to dinner as usual. No doubt he will be glad to be spared the walk to the rectory. You can remind him that this is only half the distance."

"Very well; I will do my best to secure you a guest," replied the girl rather mockingly.

The old lady's petty pre-occupations and vanities seemed so ludicrously contemptible compared with the great matters over which she was brooding. However, good Miss Whimper did not detect the shade of irritation in her manner, and trotted off contentedly to superintend the jam making, with the comforting conviction that she had secured the inspector's presence without neglecting her household duties.

It was a very short walk to the school, and even before Beatrice was out of the garden she could hear the merry voices of the children coming through the open windows of the building. The repeated outbreaks of merriment some-

what surprised her, for the visits of the school inspector were not as a rule the signal for much light-hearted rejoicing amongst the youth of the village. Startled by an exceptionally loud shout of laughter, she waited for a moment in the school porch, trying to gather through the half-open door what was going on inside.

"What! Not recognize Mr. Jor-rocks? Never heard of him, did you say, children? Well, I wonder what they *do* teach you in these schools!"

This did not seem quite right; neither did the voice sound like that of Mr. Grainger. Beatrice pushed open the door and walked in. The schoolroom presented a very unusual appearance for an examination day. At one end presided the gentleman who had just been addressing the children before she entered. He was about thirty years younger than Mr. Grainger, and a very different-looking person altogether. Very fair and slight, dressed in most unprofessionally cheerful checks, he did not much resemble anybody that Beatrice had ever met. He was seated in an easy attitude on the top of a desk, and was flourishing a bit of chalk with which he had just completed a rude sketch of an animated hunting scene on the blackboard. The children were naturally looking on at this performance with unmitigated delight, while the schoolmistress had retired into a corner, divided between amusement and alarm at this astonishing variation on the established routine. As Beatrice entered the room, the stranger composedly slid off the desk, and, advancing with a sweet smile, introduced himself to her.

"I am afraid you will be disappointed at not finding my friend Mr. Grainger here," he began in a singularly soft voice. "The fact is he was upset out of a dog-cart just as he was starting to drive here this morning. Nothing serious, you know, but the doctor said he had better lie still for a day or two. And I came on here as fast as I could so that he shouldn't worry about the inspection."

"Oh, I see," said Beatrice, rather

vaguely, as she stared at the outlines on the blackboard.

"An object lesson," murmured the young man, following the direction of her eyes.

"Ah, yes. Of course!" The explanation was satisfactory enough on the surface, though it would scarcely bear close investigation. "I came," continued Beatrice shyly, "with a message from Miss Whimper, asking Mr. Grainger to come to luncheon with her as usual; but if he is not here — perhaps I am interrupting?"

"Not at all. I have just finished," said the stranger, putting down the piece of chalk carefully on the desk, and folding his hands.

There was rather an awkward pause. Beatrice was debating whether she ought to extend her aunt's invitation to the deputy inspector or not. Finally, after another glance at the young man, she decided in the affirmative. Mr. Grainger's successor accepted the invitation with alacrity. Moreover, it appeared that he had no wish to prolong the examination at present, but was quite willing to retire to Rose Cottage that very instant.

"Then I suppose we shall recommence the examination earlier than usual in the afternoon," suggested the schoolmistress.

"Well, I don't know — I have a long way to drive before dark," replied the stranger dubiously. "It's all been very satisfactory so far — all except the cricket pitch outside. That's execrable, it'll want a lot of rolling next spring. Will you remember to mention it to the person who looks after the ground. They will never get boys to play properly unless they are more careful. You can tell them I said so." He then cheerfully dismissed the children to play, leaving the poor schoolmistress totally aghast at the irregularity of the proceedings.

"Have you been inspecting schools for many years?" inquired Miss Whimper, when she had got over the first surprise of receiving a stranger in the place of her old acquaintance.

"Oh dear no. What made you think

so?" replied the young man, sinking luxuriously into a low chair by the drawing-room window, that commanded a pretty view under the rose-wreathed verandah, across the rich valley to the distant hills beyond. "It's very odd," he continued in a contemplative voice, "but all this morning people have insisted upon mistaking me for a school inspector. It never happened before that I can remember."

"But surely you have come in Mr. Grainger's place? No? But who are you then?" exclaimed the old lady in accents of considerable anxiety, as a complete series of dreadful burglar stories began to float through her brain.

After a moment's enjoyment of the situation, the young man took pity on her embarrassment. He then explained in great detail how his acquaintance with the school inspector dated from two years back, when they had stayed in the same house. Since then they had occasionally met in London.

"Then this morning," he concluded, "I happened to be passing just as poor Grainger was upset, and finding how worried he was at the idea of not keeping his appointment, I offered to drive round by Blankton and leave a message. So I sent my man to put up the horse at the inn for a couple of hours, whilst I went straight to the school. And there they all insisted upon it that I came in the interests of education, so it seemed a pity to disappoint them, and I did my best."

This was said with such an air of persevering humility that Miss Whimper was quite touched. "Very kind of you, I'm sure," she said heartily. "And we shall be only too pleased to welcome any friend of Mr. Grainger's, especially one who has taken so much trouble on our account. You will excuse me if I leave you for a short time as I find myself unusually busy this morning. My niece will entertain you."

The young man expressed his perfect willingness to fall in with this arrangement, and in fact jumped up to open the door for Miss Whimper with an alacrity that rather suggested the idea

that her retirement did not strike him in the light of an unmixed evil.

Hitherto Beatrice's acquaintances had belonged exclusively to one type : good old-fashioned people with a perfect horror of even the most innocent modern innovations. They were wont to take life very literally and to attach great importance to all manner of small social functions. Their interests were mainly bounded by Blankton, or at the furthest extended to the sayings and doings of the county town. It was a revelation to her to listen to this stranger, as he rattled on in a light-hearted way, touching in turn upon every topic that occurred to him. He had been round the world it seemed ; killed salmon in Norway, enjoyed a tiger hunt in India, and unsuccessfully pursued grizzly bears over the Rocky Mountains. So much travelling in outlandish parts must, she concluded, have undermined his moral sense, for his exaggerations she soon perceived verged upon downright falsehoods. Many of the most excellent practical jokes he recounted to her with pride turned upon a distinct misrepresentation of facts, and it seemed probable on reflection that his behavior in the school had not been altogether devoid of malice. She was rather shocked, and more than half ashamed of herself, for feeling amused by these audacious fictions.

About an hour had passed in this way when Miss Whimper's head appeared round the door.

"Come here, Beatrice my love ; I want you for a moment !" she cried, her little wrinkled face surrounded by its grey curls positively twitching with excitement. "What do you think !" she continued in an agitated whisper, as she drew the girl out into the passage. "Only fancy who that young man we mistook for a school inspector really is ! The Honorable Reginald Lemayne ! The gardener met his groom just now down in the village, and —"

"Hush !" interrupted Beatrice, pointing to the half-closed door behind her. Secretly she was just as excited as Miss Whimper by this bit of

news, but she would have scorned to betray it. "I had better go back," she said, "it will seem strange if we stay out here talking."

"Oh, wait one moment longer !" implored the old lady, catching at her dress to detain her. "If I had known who was coming, of course I should have made some little preparation. There are boiled rabbits for dinner, those John Cooper brought the other day. So kind of him ! And a damson tart. I suppose it will do, won't it ?"

"Oh yes, I suppose so !" muttered Beatrice impatiently, the mention of her lover's characteristically commonplace offering having awakened a train of unpleasant memories. "I don't imagine Honorables are necessarily greedier than other people, and of course nobody can expect elegance here !" she concluded bitterly.

Fortunately, Miss Whimper was spared the pain of hearing this parting sneer, as she was completely absorbed in calculating whether there was time before dinner to get the best china out of the store-room.

It was greatly to Beatrice's credit that she contrived to retain the same composure on returning to the drawing-room with which she had left it. Nothing in her manner betrayed any consciousness of change, and yet she regarded the young man quite differently since she had heard Miss Whimper's news. It was easy to determine now that his eccentricities of dress and speech were in some mysterious way the results of his aristocratic birth. His small, fair features and pale eyelashes, which had at first struck her as a trifle insignificant, now seemed so many evidences of good breeding. She no longer felt any doubt about the genuine wit of his stories, and one instinctively allows the son of the local lord more latitude, even in matters of veracity, than one would a bank clerk.

The dinner was an unqualified success. The Honorable Reginald was a fourth son, and not at all proud. His chief visible means of subsistence was the hospitality of a large circle of friends, and it was quite natural to him

to make himself at home wherever he went. He ate largely of the boiled rabbits and the damson tart—indeed, according to his own account, they were precisely the viands to which he was most attached. Miss Whimper was charmed with her guest, and not a little gratified to find that grand people were easier to get on with than the majority of village neighbors. She soon lost all sense of constraint and freely admitted Mr. Lemayne to her most secret thoughts and aspirations regarding her poultry, pigs, and garden. Beatrice made some futile attempts to stop the old lady's eloquence, but presently gave it up in despair, consoling herself, however, with the reflection that she had already made the nominal nature of her relationship to Miss Whimper quite clear to the visitor.

Just as dinner was at an end a trifling accident changed the whole course of conversation. On returning from Nancy's cottage, Beatrice had taken the tiny locket out of the packet, and fastened it to her watch-chain, trusting to its insignificance to escape Miss Whimper's notice. This little locket now happened to become detached and fell to the ground as she was leaving the dining-room.

"You must have broken the fastening," observed Mr. Lemayne, as he good-naturedly restored it to her after a prolonged search under the table. "Here, let me see if I can mend it, I'm very good at that sort of thing. Now that's rather curious," he continued, walking close to the large drawing-room window in order to get a better light. "I know two other lockets exactly like this. They belong to my cousins the Hethringtons, and I believe they have had them ever since they were children. The enamel is all knocked off theirs, I should think they have worn them much oftener, but they are exactly the same pattern."

"But where did they get them?" gasped Beatrice in a choking voice, as she stretched out her hand for the locket.

"Oh, I don't know anything about that, and after all it is not an uncom-

mon pattern," replied Mr. Lemayne carelessly. "I dare say their mother, Lady Caroline, brought them from Geneva; she was a great deal abroad before Mr. Hethrington's death. I know she once brought me an enamelled pin when I was a small boy. About the only present she ever did give me too, although she is my godmother!"

"Are you talking of Lady Caroline Hethrington?" interrupted Miss Whimper, who now bustled into the room, having stayed behind to lock up the wine in the sideboard. "Why, I remember seeing Lady Caroline at a flower-show nearly forty years ago," she continued. "She was a bride in those days, and I shall never forget how well she looked in a pale blue satin gown and white lace shawl. Such a pretty smile as she had too! I remember thinking that she looked quite fairy-like."

Mr. Lemayne appeared highly tickled by this idea. "My aunt isn't at all like that now," he remarked; "but then I don't know what she might be in blue satin. And as for her smile, she isn't what I call precisely a gay companion."

"Indeed! I trust Lady Caroline does not suffer from ill health?" inquired Miss Whimper anxiously.

"Well, yes. Something on the nerves I fancy. She had a bad shock once," continued Mr. Lemayne, with the air of one who magnanimously advances a trivial excuse to cloak another's weakness. "Her youngest little girl died whilst she and Mr. Hethrington were abroad, and I suppose she has never got over it. But I think she might try more than she does."

Miss Whimper was full of concern and sympathy. "Poor Lady Caroline! No wonder! So very sad! And what illness was it that deprived her of her darling child?"

"Well, I really don't know," returned Mr. Lemayne rather absently, as he compared his watch with the clock. "I fancy it was an accident—she was burnt, or drowned, or something. But it is so long ago I really remember nothing about Beatrice's death myself."

Only it is a family tradition that my aunt is still mourning over her. I think myself her melancholy is due to suppressed gout as much as anything else. But really I must be saying good-bye now, for I ordered the dog-cart to be ready at two o'clock."

As in a dream Beatrice returned his friendly clasp of the hand, and watched him stroll down the garden path. She was roused from her reverie by Miss Whimper who naturally felt it incumbent on her to talk over the wonderful events of the day before she attended to the washing up of the best china.

IV.

THAT evening there was a stormy scene at Rose Cottage, such a scene as had never before been witnessed in that idyllic little retreat. John Cooper had walked across the village to spend an hour at the cottage, as he often did on fine evenings. Miss Whimper, only too glad to secure a fresh listener, began to dilate afresh on Mr. Lemayne's charms. Probably he would have borne this panegyric with patience, if it had not been for the fact that he suspected Beatrice's unusual silence to be in some way connected with the stranger.

"Oh, I know young Lemayne well enough," he broke out at last. "I was up at Oxford with him—a silly young fool he was, too —"

"Really! And you are such a competent judge," sneered Beatrice.

"Well, if that's the kind of man you profess to admire, I'm afraid I shan't satisfy you," returned Mr. Cooper sulkily.

"Exactly! I arrived at that conclusion some time ago," rejoined Beatrice, seizing the opportunity to bring about the inevitable explanation. "And I think it will save a good deal of trouble if, for the future, we consider ourselves quite independent of each other," she continued. "Our paths will lie in different directions, for I have at last discovered my true family!"

It would be difficult to depict Miss Whimper's mixture of excitement, curiosity, and terror at this dramatic an-

nouncement. As for Mr. Cooper, he stood rooted to the ground, almost believing that Beatrice had taken leave of her senses. When she had finished a detailed account of all the circumstances that led her to the conclusion that she was really Lady Caroline's missing daughter, he made a great effort to command his emotion and speak calmly.

"And suppose you turned out to be Miss Hethrington," he began, "mind, I don't consider it proved yet—there are many things to be explained first—but supposing, for the sake of argument, that you are Lady Caroline's daughter, do you mean to leave one who has been more than a mother to you without a moment's thought? You talk about different paths —"

"Well," interrupted Beatrice, with a little laugh, "nobody, I imagine, would expect me to go on living here when I find that Hethrington Park is my real home. Of course Miss Whimper has been very kind in keeping me for so long, but I couldn't think of being a burden to her forever. It would be unreasonable, quite absurd!" she concluded, glancing round the low, old-fashioned room as if contrasting it mentally with the lofty saloons which in future would be her destination.

John Cooper uttered an inarticulate cry of rage. "I can forgive you everything you have done to me!" he exclaimed violently. "But I shall never forgive you for the way you have treated Miss Whimper. Never, so long as I live!" And he strode out of the room, slamming the door noisily behind him.

Poor Miss Whimper was so bewildered and upset that she very imperfectly understood what was going on around her. She only dimly comprehended that there had been a quarrel between the young people, and that her pet scheme for their union was in imminent danger. It was a long time before Beatrice could convince her that it was best for all parties concerned to give John Cooper his dismissal at once.

"But, my dear," pleaded the old lady, "do consider what an excellent young man he is, so thoroughly steady

and kindly. Just remember what a comfort he was to his poor mother during all those years she was paralyzed."

Beatrice smiled scornfully. These were not the type of virtues that appealed to her. John's filial piety was quite obscured from her eyes by his badly fitting country-made clothes.

"And then," continued Miss Whimper, trying another argument, "he is really very comfortably off, you know. Quite a nice little property and as good a house as you could wish for, though of course not grand, to say nothing of his mother's money, which must have come to several thousands. And though his tastes are so simple you must remember he was at an excellent school as well as the university — though to be sure he didn't do much there. Still, he has had as great advantages as any young man —"

"Yes, and now he deliberately elects to live almost like the farmers," interrupted Beatrice. "Fancy sinking into a condition when shooting a few rabbits, or playing in a village cricket match is one's sole idea of amusement. You see how different a man is when he has been about the world. Mr. Lemayne, for instance. You must have noticed yourself. But please let me hear no more about it. My mind is quite made up."

Miss Whimper abandoned her advocacy of John's claims with great reluctance, returning to the subject day after day with arguments that merely served to aggravate without bringing conviction. The match had been her favorite dream for some years, and however brilliant Beatrice's prospects might be in the future it seemed difficult to improve upon the felicitous fate that she had destined for her adopted child. Besides, although Miss Whimper had constantly asserted her belief in Beatrice's lofty parentage, it was a very different thing to maintain a vague theory of this kind, and to absolutely believe that the girl she had known so long was the daughter of a local magnate, living only the other side of the county. These brilliant prospects seemed somewhat illusory to the old

lady, whilst the marriage with John Cooper was a very substantial fact.

However, Beatrice was troubled by no doubts and misgivings. An infallible instinct, as she considered, drew her towards her rightful sphere. She remembered with satisfaction what a preference she had always felt for expensive and luxurious surroundings, a preference so natural in Lady Caroline's daughter. But before entering into her heritage there were several practical steps to be taken. After much anxious deliberation she wrote a long statement of her case to Lady Caroline. She did not actually lay claim to being the missing child, but she described the locket and the beautifully embroidered linen at great length; adding all that could be remembered about the deceased nurse's appearance, and concluded by begging Lady Caroline to throw any light she could upon the subject. A week elapsed without any reply to the letter — a week that to Beatrice seemed like years. What that week was to Miss Whimper can only be guessed; but the old lady bore up as best she could, trying to feel that she must not weigh her own personal grief against the child's happiness.

At last a morning came when Beatrice, with flushed cheeks and trembling hands, tore open the long-expected letter.

"It is all settled!" she exclaimed, with a little shriek of irrepressible excitement. "I am to go to Hethrington at once, this very day! I suppose even John Cooper will believe in me now!" she added triumphantly.

It seemed almost too good to be true after so much doubt and anxiety. Even Beatrice, with all her boundless self-confidence, had scarcely expected to be received at once, without any further difficulties. But Lady Caroline's letter, though short, was explicit. The few words in which she said that nothing could exceed her interest in Beatrice's statements, although they had awakened a train of cruel memories that had temporarily prostrated her, seemed the sweetest the girl had ever read. The writer continued to say that she had

been compelled to make some indispensable inquiries that had occasioned a little delay, but that if Beatrice could start that day by the train indicated, she should be met at the station, and driven to Hethrington Park, where all could be explained to her. It was abundantly evident that the writer of the letter was laboring under great excitement, and Beatrice's heart yearned to reciprocate her unknown mother's affection.

Miss Whimper contrived to smile through her tears as she helped the eager girl to pack for the journey. Beatrice made a careful selection of clothes in which to appear for the first time among her relations. She was particularly anxious to make a favorable impression, and that could not fail to be the case, she thought, as she stood looking at her eminently satisfactory reflection in the glass, until the maid had twice tapped at the door to tell her the fly was waiting. When she came down, Miss Whimper was standing on the doorstep, with her little wrinkled face puckered up, in a brave determination not to weep.

"Good-bye!" cried Beatrice lightly, as she bestowed a rapid kiss on the old lady's forehead. "I'm afraid I am rather late! Did you see that all the luggage was put in? I can send for more clothes if I want them, you know, when I get there. Oh yes, of course I shall write to you often! There! Good-bye again. I shall really miss my train."

Still Miss Whimper held her hand, gazing up earnestly at the fair young face that for so long had been the object of all her cares.

"My child," she began, in a trembling voice, "you will not forget me when you get amongst your grand friends? I shall see you sometimes, and know what you are doing?"

Beatrice only smiled, a convenient form of reply as it commits one to nothing. She did not think it very probable that she would see much of Miss Whimper at Hethrington Park, but she could not explain that to the old lady, who would doubtless gradually

discover what was involved by her altered circumstances. So gently withdrawing her hand, she jumped into the fly, and with a merry nod drove away. As Miss Whimper turned back to the house she looked a very old lady indeed, and it was a long time before she roused herself sufficiently to set off on one of the charitable errands in which she usually delighted.

Hethrington Park was quite a show place, and Beatrice felt a thrill of possessive pride in its palatial appearance, as she looked at the huge porch, supported on massive marble pillars, through the magnificent avenue by which it was approached. She was far too full of glorious anticipations to feel shy, or anything but gratified by the novelty of the position. The well-appointed brougham by which she was met, and the pompous footman who ushered her into the house, were the welcome foretastes of a life of luxurious gaiety. When presently left alone in a comfortable room, which, however, was rather less handsomely furnished than might have been expected, Beatrice collected her thoughts for the supreme moment. Would her mother, or those unknown sisters about whom she had often speculated in vain, be the first to greet her? When would she see Mr. Lemayne again, and would he really be as pleased as she liked to imagine at finding in her a connection? At all events it could not fail to be a great satisfaction to her family to find that she was in every way qualified to do them credit.

In the midst of these reflections the door was thrown noisily open, and an elderly female rushed forward with outstretched arms. Beatrice had just time to notice an obviously dyed purple silk dress, surmounted by a stout, red face, advancing upon her, when she found herself literally engulfed in an oppressively warm embrace. She felt bewildered, and a strong odor of onions emanating from the wearer of the purple silk added to her discomfort. In silent astonishment she endured three separate hugs, each one more stifling and prolonged than its predecessor,

before this energetic lady saw fit to desist, and, holding the girl at arms' length, contemplated her critically.

"Lady Caroline," faltered Beatrice, uncertain how to proceed.

"Oh, Lady Caroline isn't here yet; she's gone out for her drive with the young ladies," said the stout female, sinking into an armchair, and mopping her face with her handkerchief. "But she left a message that she wanted to see you as soon as she came back."

"But who are you, then, if you are not Lady Caroline?" gasped Beatrice.

This question appeared to strike the stout woman as exceedingly humorous. "Me Lady Caroline indeed!" she chuckled. "Well, that is a good 'un!" And her red face creased all over with keen enjoyment of the joke.

"No, my girl, I'm not Lady Caroline, or Lady Anybody, but plain Mrs. Hall, your aunt."

"My aunt!" exclaimed Beatrice, with a start, as if she had stepped on an adder. "I suppose this is some sort of joke," she continued stiffly.

"Bless me! I remember now Lady Caroline said she hadn't told you anything," said Mrs. Hall good-temperedly. "She thought I should like to tell you all about it myself, so no wonder you don't rightly understand. Well, you see, my sister Jane was nurse to Lady Caroline's children, until the youngest, poor little Miss Beatrice, was killed falling out of a swing, and the other young ladies had a governess. Poor Jane! she was cut up about that child's death, to be sure. And she was ill in bed herself at the time with a chill, which made her take on the worse with feeling it might not have happened if she had been about. And Lady Caroline away in foreign parts and all! So then after a while Jane married young Jones the blacksmith, though he was years younger than herself, and only after her bit of money. But there! he was a good-looking lad; you favor him a deal about the eyes and hair, now that I see you in the light. So Jane, she wouldn't listen to a word against him, and they hadn't been married long

before he took to drink and lost all his business. I told her how it would be all along," concluded Mrs. Hall triumphantly. She belonged to the numerous class of persons who would submit cheerfully to considerable personal inconvenience or loss for the pleasure of seeing their own prophecies fulfilled.

"And so things went from bad to worse," continued Mrs. Hall, after a pause. "And at last they were forced to go to America. And after a bit Jones went off in a decline, leaving poor Jane with one child, that she named Beatrice after the little lady that was dead. I wrote to her once, and said if she liked to come home I'd see what I could do for her, but I never had a letter from that day to this. You see the poor creature must have started off without letting us know, feeling a bit ashamed perhaps after all her misfortunes, and all the rest of us having done so well for ourselves."

"Then that woman with the child —" began Beatrice, but the words died away between her lips.

"That was my sister, Jane Jones, and your mother. Yes, poor Jane! to think of her being killed just as she got back to England, and lying in a strange churchyard, without so much as a headstone over her!" said Mrs. Hall, with a deep sigh. "Ah well! life's very uncertain, and Jane always was the unlucky one. And then when your letter came to Lady Caroline, she remembered all about her old nurse, and wrote off to me at once to come here and meet you. She said she'd be so glad to see poor Jane's child restored to her friends after all these years, and it was clear you didn't rightly know where to find them although you suspected something of the matter. So her ladyship wrote me all the particulars, and how you had been found dressed in the same clothes as her poor little child used to wear, for she had given my sister whole boxes of them at one time and another, and many a little ornament beside that belonged to the poor young lady. Ah, Jane was a great favorite with them all, that she was! And I'll

do my duty by her child, cost what it may ! ”

So this was the end of all Beatrice's pretensions ! She could have laughed aloud, with the bitter laughter that is more hurtful than tears, to think how anxious she had been to exchange Miss Whimper's guardianship for Mrs. Hall's. Her whole life and character had been based upon a false assumption, and those whom she had hitherto snubbed would in future have every right to despise her heartily. Crouched in a corner of the sofa, with her face hidden in her hands, she listened mechanically to Mrs. Hall's lengthy account of her own prosperous career. It appeared that, having saved a tidy sum of money by a happy combination of industry and rigid economy, she had at a mature age captivated the heart of a well-to-do grocer. But in spite of being, as she explained, in very easy circumstances, she preferred still further increasing their joint income by keeping a lodging-house in the town where her husband carried on business. It was with feelings that are simply indescribable that Beatrice discovered that her future prospects would probably include having to wait on the lodgers.

“ Not regular hard work, you know,” explained Mrs. Hall, “ but just carrying trays up and down, and taking the orders. I keep a girl to do all the scrubbing, and there's nothing else that any young person might mind doing. Why, Mary Ann — that's my husband's niece — stays with me for months at a time, during the season, and a great help she is, now that she's got into my ways. I couldn't have left home now if it wasn't for her,” she concluded, glancing rather ruefully at the disconsolate figure on the sofa. It was much to be feared that the newly found relative would prove a very insufficient substitute for Mary Ann.

Suddenly Beatrice made up her mind. “ I must return to my old home to-night,” she said decidedly, “ and I will write to you about my plans.”

Mrs. Hall made a very feeble show of opposition. During the last half hour her feelings towards the unknown niece

had undergone very considerable modifications. It did not seem probable that this delicate, fastidious girl would be much of an assistance to her, whilst judging by her present style of dress, she would be an expensive guest. If the friends, who had hitherto brought her up in a life of pampered indulgence, cared to continue this prodigal expenditure of money on a penniless orphan, Mrs. Hall determined not to interfere with them.

“ Though you can tell anybody who asks that I offered you a home,” concluded the good woman. “ I wouldn't do less by poor Jane's child, that I wouldn't ! and if your friends aren't willing to have you back, just let me know. But mind, my house isn't the place for fine ladies. We all work ; I do myself as hard as any of them. What ? you want to start off now at once ? Why, her ladyship said most particular that we were to wait here in the house-keeper's room until she and the young ladies came back from their drive, they were so anxious to see you, after your letter. I shouldn't like to offend them, that I shouldn't ! What with their kindness to poor Jane, and recommending my lodgings as they have done.”

But Beatrice was firm. To be introduced to Lady Caroline as Mrs. Hall's niece was more than she could stand. Brushing aside all possible objections, she stated her intention of at once walking back to the station, without even waiting for her luggage, which might follow as it could. The immediate necessity of making her escape from Hethrington Park overpowered all other considerations. Mrs. Hall did not repeat her embrace at parting, and in point of fact experienced a distinct sense of relief at her niece's departure ; though she enjoyed telling the house-keeper afterwards how Beatrice looked quite the young lady, and as well dressed as Miss Hethrington herself.

When safely out of the house, Beatrice fled down the drive as if escaping from some murderous pursuer. Once she was checked in her hurried flight by the sound of approaching wheels, and had only just time to slip behind a

gigantic oak-tree, before a wagonette filled with a large and merry party dashed past. Evidently Lady Caroline was just returning from her drive, and Beatrice recognized with a fresh pang of misery as she cautiously peeped from her hiding-place, that Mr. Lemayne was amongst the noisiest of the merry group, whose laughing voices were heard long after the carriage had disappeared from sight.

One piece of luck befell Beatrice at the close of this disastrous day. She found a train by which to return without having to wait at the station, and, within an hour of parting from Mrs. Hall, she found herself whirling swiftly homeward. During that journey in the dusk of an autumn evening, she had ample time to review her life by the light of the recent disclosures. All at once she perceived the excessive stupidity of that hypercritical spirit which had led her to scorn Miss Whimper's homely ways and little old-fashioned refinements. It was almost intolerable to pursue the same train of thought, and recall the numerous unmerited snubs she had bestowed on poor Mr. Cooper for not being more of a fine gentleman. Her eyes were suddenly opened to his merits now that it was too late. "He will see what my criticisms were worth when he knows about my own refined relations," she thought bitterly; though if she had considered for a moment she would have remembered that John was far too kindly ever to enjoy anybody's discomfiture. But gradually even wounded pride yielded to unalloyed regret for the gross ingratitude that, in one form or another, had always characterized her behavior to her adopted parent. She vividly remembered, amongst other things, how, when quite a young girl, Miss Whimper had given her the only valuable ring she possessed, and how she had hurt the old lady's feelings by candidly pointing out the hideousness of the heavy setting, that had once been considered so handsome, and insisted upon sending it to the jewellers to be altered. And this was only one out of innumerable similar incidents.

Precisely as the clock struck ten, Miss Whimper was in the habit of folding up her work, and lighting her bedroom candle. This evening, for the first time for many years, she sat on after the appointed time, not working, but gazing mournfully round the empty room. Even her much-prized cabinet of old china looked dull and faded without the light of Beatrice's presence, and the habitual smell of dried lavender and rose-leaves, of which the drawing-room was redolent, seemed to carry with it a suggestion of funeral wreaths. There was a footstep in the verandah outside, a rustling as if the roses across the window were being pushed aside by a passing figure. As a rule Miss Whimper was rather a nervous old lady, but in moments of great emotion ordinary terrors sink into abeyance. She opened the window, and in another moment her lost child was sobbing in her arms.

It took Miss Whimper a long time to convince Beatrice that it was not her duty to expiate her past offences by immediately going out as a governess or a hospital nurse.

"But I never intended to stay — only just to creep back quietly and tell you how sorry I am for having made you wretched!" said the girl feverishly, as she sat on a low stool, resting her head against the old lady's knee, just as she had done twenty years before. "Oh, I can never stay here again! You will be ashamed of me now — now that you know the truth, though you are too kind to say so. Everybody will despise me when they hear who I am and how I have behaved."

"And who will dare to despise my adopted child?" exclaimed Miss Whimper, drawing herself up with a little stately air. "Ah no, my dear," she continued, her dim eyes shining with the light of love, as she patted the girl's bowed head. "This is your home, until you leave it for your husband's."

"That will never be now," murmured Beatrice, almost inaudibly, as she buried her crimson face in her hands. "He said he would never for-

give me the way I behaved to you — and he was right.”

“My dear, forgiveness is an easy virtue to practise towards a culprit like you,” replied Miss Whimper, nodding sagaciously. If there was one thing the old lady prided herself upon understanding better than another, it was a love affair.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
SOME THOUGHTS ON PASCAL.

IT is a little difficult to fix on the point of view from which Pascal should be judged. We have before us a number of extracts from French and English writers, in which he is described as a man of remarkable gifts, but utterly improvident both mentally and spiritually. Improvidence of this kind may or may not be censurable; it is at least uncommon.

The modern attitude towards Pascal outside the Church of Rome is probably not far from that of the writer of the following passage, which is taken from Larousse's "Universal Dictionary of the Nineteenth Century": "It has been said that Pascal has made more conversions than Bourdaloue. So much the worse for converts and for Church! for such converts were surely sick, infirm, or lame!" Even within his own communion he has not been forgiven for his severe handling of the Jesuits; seldom, indeed, do we meet with a devout son of Rome who will praise Pascal heartily. In many of the extracts to which reference has just been made there are expressions which savor of condescension, and there are others in which the critics preach too much. Now, let us say at once that whatever may be wanting in Pascal of that ideal completeness of character which would be entirely satisfying, there is in his life nothing to apologize for or to explain away. And the critic has not lived who had the right to preach in dealing with such a man as Pascal. For assuredly he was (as Bayle called him) "one of the world's sublimest

spirits." We miss in him the quiet charm of Fénelon or Berkeley, and the sweetness and brotherliness of Massillon; but he had a power of fascination all his own, while intellectually he was greater than any of those, and even as a moralist was fully the equal of the best of them.

Blaise Pascal was the earliest born of those great men of letters of the age of Louis XIV. who in themselves were sufficient to make an age illustrious. He was born at Clermont-Ferrand on the 19th June, 1623. Strange stories are told of his precocity, some of which may be in excess of the truth; but, after making all reasonable allowance for possible exaggeration, there remains evidence enough to warrant us in describing him as the most interesting and remarkable boyish prodigy of the modern world. It is not from Pascal that we know anything of this; he was too proud a man, too sensitive and reserved, to be vainglorious, and in him was no proneness to vulgar self-assertion. His father, Etienne Pascal, superintended the education of his son, and wished him, before learning mathematics, to become proficient in the humanities. But the boy by force of genius discovered for himself many of the laws of mathematics, and showed especially a great aptitude for geometry. Let it not be forgotten that the elder Pascal's friends were among the best intellects of the time, and that they were the men to whom the Academy of Sciences owed its beginnings. The abnormal power of the boy was freely admitted by them, and they had better proof of it than we can ever have. What Sainte-Beuve says, closely following the words of Nicole, is certainly true of Blaise Pascal throughout his life: "It was easier for him to make discoveries for himself than to study after the way of others." We know that at sixteen Blaise wrote a small treatise on conic sections which filled Descartes with "wonder and incredulity;" the treatise still exists, and may be examined by the sceptical. For some years the youth gave himself up so closely to scientific studies as to

overtax his physical strength. "From the age of eighteen," says his sister (Mme. Périer), "he hardly ever passed a day without pain." But in spite of pain he continued to work with his accustomed ardor, until in the summer of 1647 he was partially paralyzed. Then for about three years, probably fearing a recurrence of the paralysis or something worse, he lived quietly in Paris, and afterwards in Auvergne. At the end of 1650 the family came back to Paris, when Blaise (with health in part restored) for the first time began to go much into society. The death of his father about a year later checked for a time his intercourse with the world; but with this slight break he may be said to have lived in society from the end of 1650 until his conversion four years afterwards.

Some of his biographers have thought it necessary to apologize for all this, as if Pascal could know men from books, or as if a good man should go through life and know as little as possible of the world into which he was born. Pascal owed a great deal to the experiences of these years; such tact and urbanity as he shows in his later work do not come to a man naturally, or by the mere process of self-communion. That his life was pure during these years is sufficiently attested by the fact that his enemies the Jesuits, who in those days knew everything that could throw discredit upon their opponents, were not able to discover any offences of Pascal against the moral law. Indeed, if he had not come later so entirely into the sphere of religion, his genius and virtues would still have given him a place among great and good men.

It must have been during this period of his life that he wrote the "Discourse on Love,"¹ which has the same elevation of virtue and the same rareness that we find in his other writings. "The passions of man," says Pascal, "which are most natural to him, and which comprehend most others, are love and ambition. They have no true

connection, yet often they exist together; but they tend to weaken, yea to destroy each other. For however great may be the spirit of a man, he is at one time capable only of one great passion. So when the heart is stirred by both ambition and love, each loses half its strength by that which is given to the other. Age does not determine either the beginning or the end of these two passions; man feels them first in youth, and even in age it is often only death that kills them." Many of Pascal's critics have believed that this fine essay was inspired by the writer's passion for the beautiful and charming sister of his friend, the Duc de Roannez, a woman of station too exalted to become the wife of Blaise Pascal. "Man," he says, "considered alone, is not a complete being; to be happy, he has need of another. Usually we seek this second self in our own rank, because the freedom and opportunity to make known our feelings are found most easily among our equals. Sometimes, however, we love a woman of higher rank than our own, and the passion grows within us, though we dare not tell it to her who has inspired it. When we thus love a woman who is set higher in the world than ourselves, ambition may at first attend upon love, but the latter soon gains the mastery. For love is a tyrant that will endure no rival; it will reign alone, and all other passions must yield to it and obey it." It is difficult to believe that the man who wrote this essay was a mere scientific analyst of emotion; there is in it so much of the insight that usually comes only through experience.

But the life which he led in the world left him sorrowing, and soon the things of the spirit claimed him altogether. This was at the end of 1654 or the beginning of 1655. He himself had, while he was still young, filled his sister Jacqueline with that ardent desire for the religious life which in the end took her to Port Royal to shine among the saints of that noble sisterhood; and she now became one of the chief instruments in his own close surrender of himself to religion. And with this

¹ Pascal's authorship of this "Discourse" has been questioned, but no other possible author of it has been discovered.

came a new order into his life which continued to the end.

He was never a priest ; he did not even take the vows of the brotherhood of Port Royal, nor did he always reside there ; but she has no other son so great, and he has a large place in her history. At the time of his first going to Port Royal the Jansenists were wrangling with the Jesuits, and his share in the dispute has come down to us in the famous "Provincial Letters." Within four years of his conversion he began that long fight with death, which ended, after so much suffering, on the 19th of August, 1662. He was just over thirty-nine years of age.

This is a bare outline of his life, which might easily have been filled in, if it had seemed needful ; but Pascal is pre-eminently one of those rare beings whose outer life is of small account, whose inner life is in truth everything. We know the historical period in which his life was cast ; we can see to what extent his thought was colored by his surroundings ; and for the rest, we can come near to him in his "Thoughts," though even there we cannot grasp him wholly, he was so much greater than his work. There are men of genius (Shelley for example) who are better and more interesting in their works than in themselves, for however fascinating may be their genius, they are disappointing by their weaknesses. Pascal is not of this class ; lofty as was his genius, his character was loftier still.

He lived in the great age of French literature, and was the contemporary of Bossuet and Bourdaloue, Racine, Corneille, and Molière. However English critics may disagree with regard to the merits of the poetry of the French, there can be no disagreement as to their prose ; in that region they are supreme. Pascal in prose and Racine in verse, among the great writers of the age of Louis XIV., are remarkable for their perfect taste and the soundness of their literary styles. Personally there is little in common between them ; Racine, apart from his literary faculty, is not an attractive, certainly not a great char-

acter ; and to compare them generally would be as unprofitable as to compare Euripides with Plato. But the limited comparison we have just ventured upon will be of use if it can bring closely home to us those characteristics of Pascal to which we Englishmen are usually rather blind. His grace and urbanity, his ease and sense of fitness, that lofty manner which is never wanting in simplicity, yet is never familiar—these and other qualities go to form a style quite perfect of its kind.

An English critic recently said that, after he had left the theatre on witnessing Mme. Bernhardt's striking performance of *Phèdre*, his first impulse was to go to his library, and burn at once the collected writings of Thomas Carlyle. Certainly it would have been unwise to do it, for Carlyle has to-day a more important message for Englishmen than Racine. But it is not difficult to feel something like sympathy with the train of the critic's thought. Racine has such perfect grace, and so noble a literary manner, that we may well feel annoyed at what is fantastic in Carlyle, if by chance the two come together, and a comparison is forced upon us. The thing which is fantastic in literature is apt to remind us of the displays of the village prodigy ; and such displays jar somewhat on a fine taste. But it is foolish to seek comparisons of this sort, for in art and in literature we cannot be too catholic.

In Pascal's writing there is no trace of the fantastic ; he is as free from it as Tacitus. The style is no doubt the man himself, though we cannot always with other writers safely use the phrase in this way. But if we consider the characteristics of the man we see at once the foundation of the style. "A poet grafted on a geometrician," M. Ernest Legouvé calls him ; and in this respect he is without parallel in literary history. For his mathematical genius is of the highest order, while his purely literary genius (notwithstanding the actual narrowness of his achievement) gives him a place in the first rank of men of letters. That style, noble, simple, and impassioned, vivid, full of indi-

viduality and distinction, free from all rhetorical device, and without a trace of the orator's accent—this style of Pascal's is surely the best of all modern literary styles. There is many a fine style (Landor's will serve as an illustration) that has upon it a trace of the confectioner; thought and expression are not united quite indissolubly—you can separate them. But you cannot do this with Pascal's work.

His work, as we said just now, is by no means large; there are novels that would perhaps be found to contain as many words (if one were foolish enough to count them) as the whole of his extant writings. His miscellaneous work would not have won for him more than a passing notice in literary history; it is the "Provincial Letters" and the "Thoughts" that have secured for him a place among the great masters of prose. Let us say first a few words about the "Provincial Letters." In the Church of Rome Pascal is not regarded with favor, and Mary Stuart has the better chance of canonization. Pascal was one of the Jansenists, and they have never been popular at Rome. Joseph de Maistre shows the Roman attitude towards Pascal when he says, "No man of taste would deny that the 'Provincials' are a very pretty libel." Chateaubriand strikes much the same note when he calls Pascal "a calumniator of genius, who has left us an immortal lie." This piece of declamation is absurd, for the "Provincials" are true in substance, which is the great moral question with regard to them; and as to their literary value, there is of course no question. In these letters Pascal is the champion of a rational liberty; man's intellect was in fetters in the France of that day, and, without intending it, Pascal did something for the cause of freedom of conscience. It does not in any way affect us that many of the Jesuits besides Bourdaloue were saintly men; if France had then contained ten thousand Bourdaloues, their existence would not have affected our judgment in this matter. The passages quoted by Pascal were fair examples of one side of

the Jesuitical morality of that time as taught in the books published with the sanction of the proper authorities; it is not even to the point to assert that other teaching bodies in the French Church had similar casuistical maxims. If your neighbor's moral teaching is pernicious, and you feel it a duty to say so, you are not therefore bound to find all the men upon earth who preach a like morality; there is a limit to a man's duty. Nor are you in such a case called upon to appraise the virtue of your neighbor; your real concern is to kill a deadly thing. Pascal brought a simple morality to test the teachings of the Jesuits, and there is on his part no positive unfairness in pressing his case; indeed, with his literary power and his mastery of the arts of ridicule, he could have made the satire a great deal more severe. Outside France the "Provincial Letters" are not much read to-day. Like all polemical writing, they need to be treated historically before we can do them justice; and for this reason they do not lend themselves to quotation.

But the "Provincial Letters" would not, even with the addition of his miscellaneous writings, have caused Bayle to describe him (so justly) as "one of the world's sublimest spirits." It is the "Thoughts" that bring him into the region of the sublime; and it is of the "Thoughts" that we would now speak.

Pascal, after completing the "Provincial Letters," designed a work in defence of the Christian religion. He did not live to write it; but in the last years of his life, always in physical weakness and often in pain, he wrote down some of his meditations, mostly on the subject of religion. After his death these were found among his papers, and were published by the Port Royalists, with many excisions. The full text has since been restored from Pascal's manuscript, so now in reading the "Thoughts" we may feel that we have them as they came from his pen. He did not arrange them; they were scattered memoranda, even without dates; and they are most interesting and pathetic in their disarrangement.

When many of these meditations were written Pascal's mind no doubt was occupied with that work on Christianity which was to be the crown of his labors. It is easy to understand that the subject should so often be a religious one, for religion almost alone occupied him in his last years.

Some of his reflections on religion are of the kind we look for from the purely monastic mind ; this it is which explains the attitude of the writer in the extract from "The Universal Dictionary" quoted at the beginning of this article. By the side of that passage we may place the following, from the historical introduction of Dr. McCrie to his excellent translation of the "Provincial Letters:" "We see [in Pascal] a noble mind debilitated by superstition ; we see a useful life prematurely terminating in, if not shortened by, the petty austerities and solicitudes of monasticism." Here Pascal is placed in that great class of mystics whose insanity was publicly certified some years ago by a distinguished doctor of medicine. M. Barrère, in his work on "French Writers," says : "Pascal has been compared with Byron ; to make the comparison more just, it should be added that he was a sick Byron and a Jansenist." This has been a favorite comparison, and following it up we find Pascal classed among the members of that family of literary men which includes Chatterton, Burns, and Heine, men of genius who have never reached their goal.

Pascal was of a quite different order from these men, who, with all their genius, were weaklings. He was of that glorious army of heroes and saints who have sweetened and ennobled our human life, and the remembrance of whom is a blessing forever. He not only reached his goal, but lived in sight of it, if such a thing is possible to man ; nor did he largely forego the claims of reason at the call of superstition. Pascal has no passage so apparently retrograde as that of Cardinal Newman in the "Apologia," where he expresses so piercingly the need for something "which will afford a fulcrum for us, whereby to keep the earth from moving

onwards." Yet who will say that Newman had killed his reason when he wrote this ? We will no more accept Pascal's morbid utterances as expressive of his whole self, than we will in such wise accept Carlyle's atrabilious memoirs. If we go to the "Thoughts" we can easily show, in his own words, how far Pascal at his best was from the excesses of monasticism.

To fix our hopes on mere forms is superstitious ; but only pride refuses to accept them. . . . Piety is not superstition ; to carry piety so far, is to destroy it.

Again : —

Faith indeed tells us what our senses do not tell us, but not the contrary of what they perceive to be true. Faith is above the senses, not in opposition to them.

Once more : —

The utmost reach of reason is to recognize what an infinity of things go beyond it altogether. The reason is a feeble one which does not perceive this. Doubt, certainty, and submission have each their own province, and the true force of reason is unknown to him who does not distinguish them.

What is condemned in the "Thoughts" as narrow and monastic, is such a passage as the following, which certainly does justify something like anger : —

The noble deaths of Lacedæmonians and other pagans do not appeal to us, for what have we to do with them ? But we are strongly moved at the deaths of the martyrs, since they are members of our body. Our souls are at one with theirs ; their resolution may form our own, not merely by example, but by inheritance. But in the examples of the heathen there is nothing of this, — there is no spiritual tie between us ; just as we do not become rich by seeing a stranger who is so, but by having a father or husband who is rich.

But on the other hand, see how justly he speaks of religion, how grandly he speaks of the Christian's God and of Christ : —

All men upon the earth seek to be happy, all men, without exception. However greatly their methods may differ, all have the one object. Those who go to war and those who stay at home alike desire happiness, for the will of man works only

towards this goal ; it is the aim of all, even of him who lays violent hands upon himself. Yet through the ages, no one, except through religion, has attained that end which is the desire of the whole race.

The Christian's God is not simply the author of geometrical truths and elementary order, such was the deity of the heathen and the Epicureans. Nor is he merely a God who watches providentially over the lives and fortunes of men, giving happiness and length of years to those who worship him, such was the deity of the Jews. But the God of Abraham and Jacob, the God of the Christians, is a God of love and consolation, who fills the hearts and souls of those whom he possesses ; who makes them feel deeply their own misery and his infinite compassion ; who enters into their inmost spirit, filling them with joy and humility, confidence and love, and making them incapable of resting in any other end than himself.

Christ is the end of all and the centre to which everything tends. To know him is to know the cause of all things. . . . Those who go astray do so because they see not one of these two things : we may know God without knowing our misery ; we may know our misery without knowing God. But we cannot know Christ without knowing both God and our misery.

Some of the grandest of his sayings are those in which he dwells upon the greatness of man as a thinking being, which to him is the only greatness. He has many things that remind us of the saying of Immanuel Kant : "Two things fill my soul with awe,—the firmament with its stars, and the sense of duty in man."

When I reflect [says Pascal] upon the brief duration of my life, absorbed in an eternity before and behind, "passing away as the remembrance of a guest who tarrieth but a day ;" the little space I fill or behold, lost in the infinite immensity of spaces of which I know nothing, and which know nothing of me ; when I reflect thus, I am filled with terror, and wonder that I am here and not there, for there was no reason why it should be the one rather than the other, why now rather than then. Who set me here ? By whose command and rule were this time and place appointed me ? How many kingdoms know nothing of us ! The eternal silence of those infinite spaces terrifies me !

Again :—

Not from space must I seek my greatness, but from the ruling of my thought. More than this I could not have, though I possessed worlds. By space the universe encompasses me and swallows me up as an atom ; by thought I encompass the universe. . . . Man is but a reed, the feeblest of created things, but a reed that thinks. It needs not that the universe should rise to crush him ; a breath, a drop of water, is sufficient. But were the whole universe to arm itself in order to destroy him, man is greater than that which crushes him, for man *knows* that he dies ; and the universe, though it thus prevails against him, has no sense of its power. . . . All our greatness therefore is in thought ; it is by this we must raise ourselves, not by time or space which we cannot fill. Let it then be our aim to *think* well, for here is the starting-point of morals.

We find in such passages as these the accent of a man who is at once poet, moralist, and seer. His utterances on religion have the authority that we recognize in the saints and the prophets. An acute observer remarked to us recently that Pascal was not a man with a special calling for religion, but that he took it up with the same ardor which he showed in his study of mathematics, or in his controversy with the Jesuits. Something of this sort is perhaps true of Matthew Arnold, but it certainly is not true of Pascal, whose religious genius was greater even than Bossuet's. The authority of his utterances on spiritual things is proof enough of his fitness to speak on these subjects ; purely intellectual writers on religion like Mr. Arnold have not this unmistakable accent.

Pascal, indeed, was qualified to speak for the human spirit on many sides, for he was one of the most perfect of modern minds. No other man since Plato, except three or four of the great poets, has had such keenness of intellect combined with such depth of emotion and niceness of perception. His mind was Greek in its natural sense of fitness and proportion, while his literary sense was as fine as Voltaire's.

Where could we find a truer sense of measure than in the following ?

I do not admire the excess of a virtue, as for instance valor, unless at the same time it is balanced by the excess of an opposite virtue, as in the case of Epaminondas, who combined extreme valor with extreme benignity. Otherwise it is apt to lower rather than elevate. We do not show greatness by attaining the one extreme, but by attaining both, while at the same time we fill up the spaces between them.

There is in Pascal nothing of the hair-splitter; not the most pretentious of the realists has so keen a sense of reality as this mystic and mathematician. Naturally he is one of the healthiest of thinkers; and he exemplifies for us admirably the truth of that saying of Landor's, "The intellectual world, like the physical, is inapplicable to profit and incapable of cultivation a little way below the surface."

We find, too, in Pascal a vigor, and a manliness of tone, which are wanting in the distinguished writers of French prose who followed him. Fénelon and Massillon are altogether gracious and winning spirits, but in them the feminine side of our nature is too strong to permit them to produce that invigorating literature which is at once noble, classical, and masculine. There is in Pascal's writing as genuine a ring of manliness as in the writings of the greatest of the Elizabethans.

But it is of an Englishman of our own time that we think as in many ways the analogue of Pascal. John Henry Newman and Blaise Pascal were both great writers on religion in whom the human sentiment was never killed by ecclesiasticism; they wrote as men who lived closely in touch with the world. Both are greater than their writings, each has the same lofty self-respect and aloofness, which are no doubt a kind of pride, but a pride found only in great spirits and consistent with entire simplicity of character. Pascal's literary style is the more perfect, though Newman has isolated passages worthy of comparison with the best things of Pascal; but Newman is always uncertain, and often commonplace, which Pascal never is. It is inconceivable that the latter could have written so un-

interesting a book as "Loss and Gain." Pascal, even when writing of every-day matters, has such a rare distinction of phrase, and an accent of individuality so strong and winning, that you feel no one else could have written in just the same way. Yet the thing is said simply, and in such a manner as to satisfy alike the grammarian, the literary artist, and the man of good sense. Pascal is also the more original mind; and he is the greater reasoner, in spite of all that has been said of late concerning Newman's logical power. Both are men of profound religious feeling, and of great religious genius; and each has evidently sounded depths of scepticism which few unbelievers have reached. And both are among the "glories of the human race."

If we would see Pascal at his highest, we should try to picture him during the four last years of his life. His weakness and suffering make it impossible for him to meditate long upon a subject; he can only write down in haste the thought of the moment, nor can he afterwards connect these thoughts, and make of them a coherent whole. It is the last development of the illness of his youth; an illness peculiar to natures with nerves too highly strung, brought on at first in Pascal's case by excessive study, and since complicated in many ways. This break-up of the physical frame has left its mark upon the whole man; yet his mental power has not failed him; to the end his intellect has all its keenness, notwithstanding that morbid element which the body has imparted to the soul. Fancy gives him the long, narrow face of the ascetic, with the mark of spiritual exaltation, and the lines that tell of deep penance and anxious self-questionings — at once austere, humble, yet invincibly proud. How different from this was the Pascal who looked upon men two hundred and thirty years ago! In these last years, when the hand of death is upon him, he has still the full face, the handsome features, and the large, quiet, dreamy eyes of his youth; grave, indeed, he looks, but on that fine face there is no sign of pain.

He is a singular, complex, most attractive personality. A great and original thinker upon the subject of religion, he is not an ecclesiastic; by no means learned in theology (as the schoolmen understand it), his writings on religion have given him a place above many of the great theologians; he is distinguished among mathematicians, but keeps his science rigidly within its proper limits; the master of a consummate literary art, he disdains all the tricks of the rhetorician; ardent, and deeply in earnest, he does not forget his breeding, but is at all times a gentleman.

No principles of historical criticism can fully explain him. You can in a way build up Bossuet from the known working influences of the epoch; he is in truth, as most great men are, the product of the time-spirit. Much of Pascal, too, belonged to the time, for no man can make an atmosphere or a world for himself; yet there is a great part of him of which his age gives no promise, and offers no explanation. In these last years, incurably ill, and able only to think fitfully upon a subject, he yet sounds the human heart and conscience so deeply that he puts himself in a class apart from the other Christian apologists of his century. Make what deductions you will for his occasional monastic falseness of tone, you still feel that he desires the truth so ardently, and struggles so terribly to gain it, that he leaves behind him altogether the scholasticism of the age; and while in spirit he lives with the early Christians, he obtains a foretaste of the religious doubts and difficulties of the future. A loyal son of Rome, to whom Luther and Calvin are objects of scorn, he has none of the Roman sentiment for unity, but more than the Lutheran feeling for individuality. The communion of the soul with God, and the joy of the spiritual life; man's sense of responsibility, and the awful mysteries of pain, sin, and death—these are the things that occupy Pascal. If we seek among the illustrious sons of the Church of Rome a representative of her spirit, it is not Pascal but St.

Francis Xavier that will stand as the type. Strenuous, vigilant, eager to bring the whole world into the fold of Rome, intolerant, and a little superficial, Xavier, with his feverish desire for unity and his impatience of individuality, is an embodiment of the sentiment of Rome. Pascal is the spiritual brother, not of St. Francis Xavier, but of that greatly loved if unknown man who wrote the "Imitation of Christ."

This world-weary ascetic, struggling to kill within him that spirit of Hellenism which loves art and science, poesy and all things fair; this lofty thinker, unceasingly narrowing his conception of piety, is yet far above the mere ascetic or sacerdotalist, and is after all too great for us to see him fully. The extreme ecclesiastic, like Bossuet, is always overmuch of a formalist; and when you have once clearly defined his limitations, you know him almost as the instrument is known to the musician. Still more so with the ordinary ascetic; when you know his temperament and his fixed ideas, you can tell everything of which he is capable. But Pascal eludes you at every turn. He is an ascetic, and even goes so far as to wear a girdle fitted with spikes, which he does not hesitate to use when he feels that temptation is near. He has other extravagances of thought and action, such as we usually conceive to be peculiar to the worst type of religious fanatic, with a small brain, a gloomy nature, and great poverty of blood. It is not without pain that we can force ourselves to dwell upon this side of Pascal, for it is strained and unhealthy. But it is not the whole man; it is very far from that.

Not even St. Martin of Tours had more pity for the poor and suffering than Pascal; he lived as one of them, and gave them not only half, but nearly all that he had. Charity, that supernatural, that divine virtue, filled him through and through. "All bodies together," he says, "and all minds together, and all their productions, are not worth the least movement of charity; that is of an order infinitely

higher." Nor was this mere theory with him ; he shaped his conduct by it. His life in these years is inexpressibly pathetic. Surely no man in mortal sickness ever thought more nobly. For be it remembered that he was above all things a thinker and not a man of action, but one of those thinkers whose words are acts. To be near unto death for years while you are young, and to know that health will never again be yours, yet to face your lot with unflinching courage, while in soul you remain pure, human, and of undimmed faith ; not to murmur at your destiny, or ask with the faint-hearted ones whether it is good to live, but to be brave, humble, and in charity with all men, while you continue to "seek the truth with groans," until death completes his hold upon your frail body — this is to live worthily, as a hero and saint should live. And thus lived Pascal.

From The Nineteenth Century.
A WALK IN ALEXANDRIA.

WHAT a wonderful scene is that presented to our view as we draw up alongside the quay at Alexandria ! The fine broad wharves, built by Englishmen, and identical with those of their own sea-girt land, are crowded with a mass of humanity differing in face and dress from anything experienced before in European travel ; the eyes wander over the great congregation of men — no white faces seem present, or else they are lost in the multitude of those of Asia and Africa. What a mixture of races and appearances, as well as of characters, meet you upon this Alexandrian quay ! To those who have never been out of Europe before, it is a sight never to be forgotten ; you there meet for the first time that grave, impassive face of the Eastern, bearing himself erect and nobly, with his graceful fall of robe and ample turban ; their bright black eyes seem full of calm intelligence and repose, but you feel yourself unable to read them as you can those of your own race. Arab and

Copt, Turk, Jew, Nubian, Syrian, Negro, Soudanese, Berber, Albanian, Armenian, Indian, you can see them all commingled in this ever-varying crowd, with eyes centred upon the ship. Well might it be said in classic lore that Proteus had his home at this place, for Protean indeed are the diversities of costume and type which we can see around us. It is just the same as when Dion the golden-mouthed orator was here eighteen hundred years ago, and when the same sight saluted and astonished him (Orat. xxxii. : "Haliens, Syrians, Libyans, Cilicians, Æthiopians, Arabians, Bactrians, Persians, Scythians, and Indians" he mentions). You feel for some days that you never shall be weary of simply watching these lithe, spare, and graceful men, and that you never shall be able to distinguish between them, or feel at ease with dark faces everywhere about you.

It is not, however, the present that we need regard now. It is in the days of its Grecian glory that we like to think of it.

It is ancient classic Greece which comes out to welcome one in this beautiful harbor of Eunostos — the Port of Happy Return — and the two most ancient civilizations we know of, Egypt and its pupil Greece, seem to join here in greeting us.

The whole tale of how the city architect, Dinocrates, came to know his great employer, and the city's founder, is far more worth thinking about as you drive or walk through the modern town than anything you will see there, so let me tell it. Dinocrates was a Macedonian, the Lesseps of his time, a genius of daring design, and it is to be hoped quite out of accord with the popular feeling of his day in his craving for self-advertisement. He had perhaps contracted the corrupt practice from Herostratus (or Eratostratus), the scoundrel who had destroyed the Temple of Diana at Ephesus upon the first birthday of Alexander, in order, as he himself confessed, that future ages might not be ignorant of his name, such being his passionate lust for noto-

riety that he cared not whether his fame were good or evil. Dinocrates had been called upon to restore this temple, which, in order that the earthquakes might not ruin, had been placed in a marsh upon foundations of charcoal and goat-skins! It was in this restored building that St. Paul preached, and where that apostle must have seen the great picture of Alexander painted by Apelles, upon its walls, and from which arose the saying that there were two Alexanders the Great, one the invincible, the son of Philip, and the other the inimitable, the work of Apelles (Plut.). We have in our national Museum about sixty tons of Dinocrates' stones.

Our architect, after completing his work at Ephesus, and moved by the vivid art of the portrait-painter, determined to personally interview the great monarch, and therefore, setting out for his camp as he returned from his Eastern triumphs, he cast about for a device by which he could gain his audience and likewise flatter his sovereign. Now there was one weakness, or it may have been a noble yearning, in the great conqueror's heart, that, just as his own reputed father had claimed the God-like hero Hercules as sire, so Alexander desired it might be proved that no earthly parent had begotten him (Alexander). Some men did, indeed, say that he was not Philip's son, but of Nectanebo, an Egyptian mage and lover of Olympias, and perhaps it was to solve all doubt that Alexander thought he would remove his parentage beyond human reasoning. However, he had not as yet finally fixed upon Jupiter Ammon, and the crafty sycophant Dinocrates deemed that he would best flatter the great king by a reference to the grandfather. Anointing, therefore, his body with oil, and wreathing his temples with Herculean poplar, with the skin of a Nemean lion over his shoulder, and flourishing a club, he approached the court of the king, and stood prominently forth in his singular garb. "Who are you?" must have said his Majesty, to which the unabashed self-advertiser replied,

"I am Dinocrates, the Macedonian architect, and bring to your Majesty thoughts and designs worthy of your greatness." When Alexander heard that it was he who had restored the Temple of Diana of the Ephesians, he asked him what next he proposed to do. "I have laid out Mount Athos," responded he, "to be sculptured as one block, and to be hewn into the fashion of the limbs and features of your Majesty. In your left hand I have designed a city of ten thousand inhabitants, and into your right I have conducted all the rivers of the mount; and formed them into a sea, from whence they flow to the ocean. Thus, sire, shall a memorial be left worthy of your greatness." Alexander was amused at the audacity of the man, and dismissed him; nevertheless he remembered him when he wanted to build Alexandria, and the tradition of its planning is quite in keeping with the theatrical character of the clever fellow. He cast his Macedonian cloak down as the design, giving it "a circular border full of plaits, and projecting into corners on right and left," as Pliny says, and made the new port the sweep of the neck and the Pharos and Lochias promontories the jewelled clasp. A relic of the tradition may perchance be seen in the name Pharos, which means a loose cloak or mantle, as possibly a recollection of his work at Ephesus in the point Lochias, a title of Diana. Another tradition connected with the city's origin is that Alexander marked its circuit himself, dropping a white powder to indicate its limits; but, this failing, he took the sacks of flour or grain heaped up to feed the workmen, and employed that. To his dismay next day he was told that all his labor had been in vain, for that as soon as he had departed down swooped the black-birds—no doubt those grey-backed crows with their robes of powdered satin—and ate up all his plan; but those priests of the fowls of the air—the augurs—with their ever-pleasant lore, reassured him that it was a most favorable sign, and that it foretold, what came so true, that nations should

flock thither for food and subsist upon its wealth. That was many hundred years before Egypt became the granary of Rome, or when it was easy to "find a ship of Alexandria, corn-laden, sailing into Italy" (Acts xxvii. 6, 37; xxviii. 11), as it was in St. Paul's day; but from the earliest its fashionable quarter was named the Bruchium, Puroucheion, supposed to mean a granary. Alexander never lived to see the city completed but most of the celebrated buildings we know so well by name—the Museum, Soma, Library, Gymnasium, etc.—were the work of the architect he had chosen, who, if he had not also died, had projected one of his daringly fresh designs for a temple or memorial of Arsinoë, the wife of Ptolemy Philadelphus, in which a dome was to be arched with loadstones so that the lady's image, made of iron, might hang suspended in the air without support (Plin. II. N. xxxiv. 42).

One's thoughts naturally turn to the great Library, which was "the wonder of antiquity and the conundrum of modern scholarship," and we first learn that hitherto we have had no distinction in our casual thought between the great Library of the Museum and that of the Serapeum burnt by the Arab conqueror. Indeed, even the learned are at variance as to how many great libraries there were here. The illustrious Orientalist Silvestre de Sacy, who examined the question, arrived at the conclusion of there having existed four separate ones — (1) the library collected by the Ptolemies; (2) that of the Serapeum; (3) one attached to the Sebasteum, and (4) another of the School of Alexandria. But it is only the two former that are universally known. We were inquiring for the site of the Museum, and were astonished and disappointed to be led across the street from our hotel to where a thick mass of building now stands, and taken to the Bourse, and told that, where the modern thought was given over solely to the search for gold, the ancients sought for wealth of a far more precious description to the world and its children; and yet the change is as true as it is sadly signifi-

cant of the popular quest of our time both in London and in Alexandria. It was Alexander's general and successor, Ptolemy Soter, who founded this Bodleian and the university around it, but it was his son Philadelphus who enriched it with its treasures; indeed, these two men were like David and Solomon in their enlightened policy, and in many ways both are worthy of high respect.

The Museum, the home of the Muses, was in shadow reproduced by our mediæval universities—not a place where collections of relics of the past were stored up, but where students of literature, science, or art, whether as teachers or taught, lived together in an atmosphere of intellectual luxury. In its corridors and porticoes, the porticoists, or peripatetics, sat with their pupils around them, the same as the monks did in the cloisters of our own Winchester, Gloucester, or Westminster, and as the Arab may be seen to do still, in the school mosque of Al-Azhar, in Cairo, to-day. To this venerable university, a still more venerable, that of Heliopolis—the On of the Bible—transferred its reputation, and we owe to it the preservation of Greek literature and its influence upon Western culture. Surely, gratitude alone should make us anxious to dwell for a while in thought at the grave of so beneficent a mother! Even up to the seventh century of our era, its schools of astronomy, physics, geology, etc., retained their reputation, and the revival of science amongst us is but the return to Alexandrian principles, and natural science is indissolubly connected with its schools. It is interesting to think just now, when the world of literature has been delighted with the recovery of a lost work of Aristotle, and when a rumor prevails of the possible discovery of his tomb, that it was the library of the great peripatetic philosopher which formed the nucleus of that of this city; and it was a singularly appropriate beginning, for had he not been the valued and revered tutor of the city's founder, who was wont to say that his natural father had given him existence,

but that his second father, Aristotle, had taught him how to make use of it? The Arabs, to this day, call him Alexander's vizier; moreover, he is the proto-bibliophilist, the first known collector of a library, according to Strabo, and it is considered that the honor is due to him of having in some way suggested this collection to the Ptolemies. They talk of there having been several hundred thousand volumes in it at the time of its destruction. What a cruel loss it seems to us who treasure a single manuscript of even the fourteenth century so highly! Try if you can and realize that these were veritable volumes, rolls of papyrus or byblus, either the originals of writers whose names and works have thrilled through long centuries — eighteen, nineteen, twenty — or else beautifully executed copies; not a printed line among them, every letter the outcome of human exertion. The originals of some of Aristotle's works were probably here, so too those of Sophocles, Æschylus, and Euripides; and the tale is told that they were obtained on pledge from the archives of Athens, when a famine was sore in that land, and when Ptolemy Euergetes, like a second Joseph, would in no way grant it corn unless the messengers brought them. Indeed, the Ptolemies seem to have been truly *Grecs* in their enrichment of the collection, for they borrowed originals and returned but beautiful copies; and furnished an early example of custom-house officiousness by searching all travellers and impounding replicas of any works they might be possessed of. It was in the Library of the Museum upon this Bourse site that the Septuagint was translated. The Jewish population was a large one from the city's foundation; they had won the favor of the great Alexander from that day when, marching upon Jerusalem to destroy it, he was met by Jaddus, the high-priest, who showed him in the Book of Daniel how it was a Grecian prince that the prophet had foretold should destroy the kingdom of Persia. He was ready, therefore, to give them anything, and granted to them a quarter of his new city. Jose-

phus says that he did this in gratitude for "their services against Egypt" (B. J. ii. 18, 7); moreover, numbers were transported here after Ptolemy took Jerusalem, so that the Jew boasted that the number of his people in this city alone was double that which came out of Egypt. Later on they continued to show their desire to return to the scenes of the wonders done in the "field of Tanis," and it said that in the reign of Tiberius they formed one-third of the population. Their synagogues and services were remarkable for their magnificence, and these Græcized Hebrews had a place of worship especially for them in Jerusalem, and were the great opposers of the proto-martyr, St. Stephen (Acts vi. 9). It seems strange this coming back of his people to the land of the house of the bondage they were forever recalling, and certainly they did all they could to deserve a second oppression, for they were the cause of almost all the civil and religious dissensions in the place.

But it was not for the use of the Hebrew population that the Septuagint translation was made of their Scriptures; but the desire of the day was to understand all knowledge, and the venerable books of the Jewish people were the most precious of remaining ancient literature. Moreover, the revelation to Alexander of the prophecies of Daniel must have been very attractive, and made him and his wise men desire further information. It may be mentioned in passing that to this day the Arab shows a santon or tomb which he highly reveres as that of El-nabi Daniyal (Daniel the prophet), although the Persians say they possess it at Susan or Sus (Ibn Haukal, p. 76) — but the tradition in connection with Alexander's city, the conqueror of Persia, is worth a thought as to which is the real one, if either.

Philadelphus's librarian, Callimachus, introduced a great number of both Jewish and Egyptian works into his collection, and among the former were portions of the Septuagint, and of the latter we know nothing whatever. We are told by Josephus that each translator of the Septuagint received over

3,000*l.*, a sum which, multiplied seventy-two times, looks fabulous, but not impossible to these princely Ptolemies. Is it improbable that such a work and such a reward must have drawn to the city almost every book considered sacred scripture by the Jew, and is it possible that such were forever destroyed in the fire which deprived the world of so much else? Then were lost the originals of Sophocles and Euripides and many of those of Aristotle likewise. Æschylus's works were there, too, and in his case there disappeared not only the originals, but even the texts, so that out of seventy tragedies of his we have now but seven. What a loss that was of a poet whose bold, energetic verse is instinct with the soldier of Marathon, Platea, and Salamis! And side by side with his we may place a still greater, that of the chief of Greece's lyrical writers—Pindar, the fellow-soldier of the brave tragedian, and who has survived only in memory and in one triumphal ode. What would we not give for a roll of his hymns, processions, panegyrics, and songs—that manly, cultured, and pious soldier, who, after the Persian war, when the fashion was to be sceptical and lax in the worship of the gods, might still be seen making his pilgrimage to Delphi, where, seated in the iron chair before Apollo's shrine, he sang the hymns he had composed to his honor. But it is not the poets we alone lament; where are now the thirty-nine orations of Isæus, the master of Demosthenes, or that eighth volume of the great geometer Apollonius, a work full of original and fresh thought; where the treatises of Theophrastus, the favorite pupil of Aristotle, and the additions he made to his great master's "Natural History" and "Physics"? These are a few which come to mind as we think of our losses in profane literature. Is it possible that then, too, were likewise burnt many of these books we now miss from the roll of sacred history? Could they have had submitted to them for consideration at least such works as "The Book of the Wars of the Lord" (Numb. xxi. 24), thought to be the recital of the

wars in which the Israelites took part in this land of Egypt before the Exodus; or the records or memoirs of Jeremias (2 Macc. ii. 3) and the lamentations of the same prophet upon the death of Josias (2 Chron. xxxv. 25), and in connection with whom the traditional history is that he was brought by the Jews out of Palestine by compulsion, and died a short distance from this city of Alexandria? Might they not have had here the Book of Isaiah, the Demosthenes of the prophets, upon Uzziah (2 Chron. xxvi. 22), or the true prophecy of Henoch (Jude, 14, 15), which Origen and Tertullian, citizens of this place, praised so highly, and which the Abyssinian Church still reveres? Can there be any truth in the rabbinical tales of how Aristotle learnt his natural science from a discovered work of Solomon, and can it have been here that were stored those works of the wise king upon nature, trees, fishes, beasts, and plants (1 Kings, iv. 32, 33), or the book of his three thousand proverbs and one thousand and five songs? But it is idle to think of the possible losses when the known ones are so great; and all through an accident of war—not intentionally, let it be said, to the credit of the human race. The honor of being librarian of such a collection was considered more distinguished than that conferred by any post to-day in the world of science or literature. We know the names of many of its early directors—Zenodotus, the Homeric student; Callimachus, whose history of Greek literature is forever lamented; Eratosthenes, the maker of the first observatory, wherein he discovered many wonderful things, as to the obliquity of the ecliptic and how to measure the bulk and circumference of the earth, and other results dear to scientific souls. He also patented a sieve known by his name, which sorted out all the numbers you threw into it, retaining only those that have unity as their common measure. To him all Egyptologists are indebted for his laterculus or catalogue, which is the most authentic list of thirty-two Theban kings omitted by Manetho. There

were many other famous men as librarians. Its founder, Ptolemy Soter, was fond of intellectual society; he himself had written a history of his great predecessor Alexander, which is now lost, and gathered around him such men as Euclid, Erasistratus, Herophilus, Antiphilus, and Apelles. Euclid had been born in the city, and how many of us have wished that he had died early, or at least that his works had been among those lost until after our *pons asinorum* days! How much pleasanter it would have been for his "Elements" to have been irrecoverably missing, we have once thought, than for them to survive and his works on music to be gone! And yet this plain, angular, and solid mathematician would never have given us any music which would have appealed to our youthful ears, and most of us even now are not sure if we should not prefer the "Pythagoric dreams and Platonic fancies" upon the subject to anything that he would have had to say. It was walking along the broad and easy ascent to the palace with Ptolemy Soter—a way none save those of the imperial house were allowed to tread—that the philosopher is said to have made that reply so often repeated to each of us since: "There is no royal road to the mathematics," meaning that all must approach, as the citizens had to do to the palace, by the arduous circuit of steps.

Herophilus was another scientific friend of the son of Lagos, and one to whom we owe not only the present nomenclature of all our bones and parts of the body, it is said, but also that trying discovery of the existence of nerves. Very many persons wish they never knew that they possessed any, especially in these overwrought times. But then it was just the fiendish kind of thing we might have expected for this human ghoul to have left behind to torture men with when he himself could no longer do so. Tertullian says that he dissected six hundred bodies, and he was so early and ardent a vivisectionist that he experimented upon condemned criminals alive.

We think of Alexandria only as a

school of science and literature; and yet as one of art it promised to revive all the classic glory of enfeebled Greece. That Beauclerk, Ptolemy Soter, entertained all the artists who would come to his court with a most hearty welcome, and his son did the same. Alexander the Great had permitted only three artists to take his likeness—Lysippus the sculptor, Praxiteles the statuary, and Apelles the painter. The last named was by accident brought to the court of Soter, for he did not visit it intentionally, since envious and malignant men had sullied his credit there; but fate threw him into the midst of the scandal-mongers, one day after a storm in which his ship was driven ashore, and soon all was changed, and his enemies scattered. His bitterest maligner had been an Egyptian painter named Antiphilus, an artist-friend of the king, a man to whom is attributed the invention of those caricatures called Grylli—grotesque monsters, part animal or bird and part human. He had been always representing the great Apelles as a Gryllus, and made every effort now to get his monster condemned to death; but Soter stripped off the coat of misrepresentation, and finding instead the true character of the artist, one of fidelity to his sovereign and to his art, he ordered Antiphilus to be reduced to slavery, and made Apelles his master. There are the records of numberless statues existing as the work of Alexandrian workmen, and yet the name of only one artist—Satyrius—has reached us. In Rome there are still fragments of porphyry and basalt statues carried away from Alexandria by Claudius after the same fashion as we did the works of Pheidias from Athens. The coins of the city were celebrated for their beautiful impression, and indeed probably there is no city in the world where all the noblest pursuits of the human brain and hand were so eagerly followed as at this. Such was the benefit that a wise endowment of research produced under the ten Ptolemeian kings, that the short period of the existence of this Museum was sufficient to flood every

field of study with fresh thought and rich material for future development, and from that source the geography, anatomy, medicine, mathematics, mechanics, geometry, astronomy, natural history, and many another exact science, took its modern course. Truly a kingly work—"elegantie regum curæque egregium opus" (Livy).

Attached to the University or Museum were botanical gardens for the students (Philostrat., Vit. Apollon. vi. 24), abounding in tropical and other flora, like that at Oxford; and in its physic beds we can be sure that they would cultivate not only the rarer exotics, but also every species of Allium—the probable herb moly of Homeric verse—and the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlick, which were among the regretful memories of the Israelites in the desert. Some have said that the onion took its name from the city of On—the daughter of whose priest Joseph the Exile married—just as shallot and scallion does from Ascalon. From the herbs of this garden the doctors invented many a simple named after the city's presiding genius. There was, at least, the famous garlic plaster, the Emplastrum Alexandri, and Ætius mentions a Collyrium recalling the same great name. Many a plant in Europe bears still in its title a recollection which enables us to replace it in this first botanical collection. There is the Alexandrian laurel, the victor's crown (*Ruscus racemosus*), with its glossy dark green leaves and elegant growth; the *Smyrniolum olusatrum*, L., which our countryfolk still call Alexanders or Alisaunders, from the old name Herba Alexandrina or Macedonismum; the pellitory of Spain (*Anacyclus Pyrethrum*, DC.), which is Alexandra's Foot, *piéd d'Alexandre*, in England and France. The "cucumbers and the melons" of the mourning Israelites is probably the *Cucumis Colocynthis*, L., or allied species, which the Germans call *Alexandrianappel*, and Hengstenberg thinks that the word "leeks" ought to be translated clover, and if so it is to be noticed that they know the

trefoil, *Melilotus cœrulea*, Lam., in Austria as *ägyptischer Klee*. There are a few more which without great effort we can recall to our minds wherewith to stock this venerable herbarium. There would be the Glastonbury thorn, which is known to us better by this name than as Egyptian thorn; the hibiscus, or rose mallow, whose musk seeds are known as *Ægyptia moschata*, and whose perfume we buy in the form of Cyprus Powder. Two of our scabious plants bear the name of Egyptian or gipsy rose, and blackamoor's beauty seems to be the equivalent in England, where all dark-skinned races are "niggers;" and the sycamine, or Pharaoh's fig, or wild Egyptian fig, is the *Ficus Sycomorus*, L. Another event is recalled by the German name for the *Triticum vulg. turg.* L., in Joseph's *Kornweizen*, *arabischer* or *ägyptischer Weizen*, and we need not add the lotus or *ägyptische Bohne*, and many another to the list. It is pleasant to recall, however, in our Western nomenclature titles which have been handed down through the centuries, and which originated from this Eastern source.

There were also zoological gardens connected with the University (Athen. xiv., p. 654), and one cannot think of those without wondering if Alexander's successors obtained a cat from Persia of that beautiful Angora species, and thus banished forever out of the minds of the villagers of Egypt any respect for their own native breed. In the "granary of the world" there must have been plenty of rats and mice. Just as we probably owe more than we can now tell to the systematic collections made by the Alexandrian Greek students in their physic garden, so are we indebted to them for the introduction of this graceful animal into Europe. The name is probably Greek. *Kitta* is the Arabic for a Tom, I believe, and I know the old Egyptian was onomatopœic, viz., *miau*. Our domestic cat is the probable lineal descendant of those of ancient Egypt, with admixture of blood of course; but we can see the old strain often repeating itself in those of a yellowish color, darker on back,

whitish on belly, and with some obscure stripes upon the body. Pasht, in ancient Egypt, had a cat's head. If one might utter a casual thought upon derivations, one would be inclined to say that her name was the origin of the undiscovered puss.

One wonders if the sporting student reared in these gardens the fighting cocks which the Athenians were so fond of; they certainly had a breed of hens here which were called *Μονόσχοποι*, and which produced the best ever known (Geoponic. xiv. 7). The Greek carried this national sport—can we call it?—with him apparently, and many reasons have been given to endeavor to account for his adoption of it other than the natural taste of man for combative displays. Some have said that, like most of their recreations, it had a religious meaning, connected with Apollo, Mars, Mercury, or Æsculapius; others a national reference to the good omen Themistocles drew from their crowing as he marched to his victory over Persia; but no one apparently knows why they were so addicted to this form of amusement.

It must have been near this site of the great University, with its library and gardens, probably between it and the seaboard, that the Soma or Sema stood, the Mausoleum of the Ptolemies. Some say it was placed where the Ramleh railway station now is; but the Arabs show a tomb on the way to the Serapeum Hill or "Pompey's Pillar," where they revere Sikandar-al-Rumi (Alexander the Great). It was one of the works of the clever Dinocrates, and would be as princely a structure as all the buildings of this noble city once were. It was constructed to receive the mortal remains of the city's founder, which, embalmed in honey, Ptolemy Soter is said by Strabo to have taken from Perdiccas while on its removal from Babylon, and, having carried it to Egypt, buried it at Alexandria, where it still remains. But it is no longer in the same coffin; for the present one is of hyalus (glass or alabaster), and the original, which was of gold, was stolen by Ptolemy, surnamed

Cocces and Parisactus. "Death alone proves how very puny are the bodies of mortal men," Juvenal said (x. 172), with reference to this very tomb of the conqueror of the world, which he probably visited as he went to his exile up the Nile to Syene; and he might have adduced instances from the Ptolemies and Mark Anthony, who lay around Alexander, to Augustus Cæsar himself, who came to gaze upon his great predecessor in his hyaline case. In our British Museum is a large sarcophagus of *breccia verde*, as the Italians call it, or Egyptian breccia. It is seldom used, because of the extreme hardness of the stone to work, but if polished the varied coloring is most brilliant and beautiful. It was found by the French in the Mosque, formerly the church of St. Athanasius, and was reputed to be the tomb of the mighty Alexander. At the capitulation it fell into the hands of the British, and all that the label now tells you is that it is the sarcophagus of Nekhterhebi (Nectanebus I.), XXX dynasty (about B.C. 378): "Presented by George III., captured in Egypt by the British army, 1801." It is not incompatible with the truth that the tradition attaching to it is true, and that Alexander may have rested within it while he lay at Memphis, awaiting the construction of the Soma and its golden coffer; and the inscriptions upon it may have been placed sixty years later, when the royal corpse had gone to its more regal sepulture. Moreover, the legend of one Nectanebo having been the true father of Alexander, and to which we have referred, may have arisen or been confirmed by the subsequent use of this sarcophagus. It would be remarkable if we had here in England the tombs of two of the greatest conquerors of the ancient world; in this of Alexander at the British Museum, taken by us from the modern Alexander of Europe, and that of Ramesses the Great, the Sesostris of the Greeks, the oppressor of Israel, in the cellar of Sir John Soane's house, in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

We will not stay to consider those buildings and palaces which are but a

memory, to which no probable site has yet been able to be assigned, or of which we have no connecting relic, but rather endeavor to make the most of what remains; and probably one of the most popularly sought is that lost wonder of the ancient world, the Pharos. Most visitors drive to the modern lighthouse, and think that it has replaced the old, and your driver will take you there unless you explain that it is Fort Pharos you wish to reach, at the opposite end of the peninsula—viz., the eastern. And this will be quite clear if it be recollected that the present harbor is not that of the ancients, but that it was separated from it by the Heptastadium. On those rocks at the corner close to the fort was its site, and its ruins remained up to the thirteenth century; there it rose to a height, it is improbably said, greater than the pyramid of Cheops, its white marble walls glistening in the sun, its square and graduating stories containing within them an ascent so gentle that a horse and chariot might be taken to its summit, like that spiral inclined plane at Amboise Castle up which Charles I. drove. Ptolemy Philadelphus was its founder and Sostratus his architect, and the manner in which both sought immortality for their names in its construction is well known: genius cut its name in the stone, and covering it over with stucco, inscribed on that his sovereign's, leaving time to reveal the truth. Between this ancient lighthouse and the modern one lay the Temple of Hephaistos, behind the present arsenal, and that establishment and the flashing beacon represent very well the modern uses of fire, the one for the destruction of your fellow-creature and the other for his comfort and security.

But perhaps the site many of us feel most interested in, and that which connects our Christian era most vividly with that before Christ, is the Serapeum, or, as most visitors only know it, "Pompey's Pillar." We drove out one day, telling our dragoman to take us to the Christian catacombs, for we wanted to find if there remained any traces of a painting said to have ex-

isted in them of our Lord represented as the Egyptian Horus—just as in Rome he was portrayed as Orpheus or some other classic character—or to see some of those pretty and touching inscriptions so locally characteristic, such as "Remember, Lord, thy servant Nile-flower" (*Νειλίανθος*). But, instead of taking us there, we were aroused to the fact of our being at the base of the Serapeum hill by our driver's noises as he was urging his pair of horses to jump a watercourse about two feet deep and one and a half feet wide, and to carry the carriage and occupants over with them. The representatives of Bucephalus were mercifully too modest to attempt the feat, and we escaped broken bones by dismounting, and gave up proceeding further, accepting the kindly fate which had brought us to this well-known spot. There is certainly much more to help one's imagination here than in almost any other site in Alexandria; for the clear broken ground of the mound, and the column upon it—one of the many which once graced the celebrated Temple of Serapis—were far more satisfactory than the covered sites of Museum and Library. The column itself has been often described, and is familiar to every visitor; and it is the first sight one gets of the famous syenite or pink granite of Assuan (or Syene, Juvenal's place of exile), of which we have heard so much. The name is misleading; for many very naturally conjectured that it was to the memory of Pompey the Great, who, flying hither after his defeat by Julius Cæsar in the battle of Pharsalia, was murdered close by in a small boat, as he was coming ashore, by order of the brother of Cleopatra; but it is now proved to have been erected to the bloodthirsty Diocletian, by an officer of the name it still bears. It evidently stood in a paved court, and bore a figure upon its capital, and must have been placed here while the Serapeum stood around it, itself having previously formed a column in its cloisters or porticoes. We cannot think of Diocletian in this city without recalling that it was from here that he issued

that proclamation for the persecution of the Christians which made itself felt so terribly, not only here, but in the far western Isle of Britain, in the death of St. Alban at Verulam; and when St. Augustine came to England one of his earliest foundations at Canterbury was a church dedicated to St. Pancras, the noble Roman youth of fourteen, who had perished by the same cruel edict, and whose father owned the land upon which the missionary's monastery at Rome stood. The sanguinary emperor had the people of this city massacred for resisting him, ordering that the slaughter should continue until their blood stained his horse's knees — mercifully a splash or a stumble fulfilled the letter of this command before they were totally exterminated.

It is perhaps impossible to picture to excess the beauty of the temple and courts of the Serapeum. Ammianus Marcellinus says that it exceeded the Capitol of Rome itself in magnificence, and we have a particular description of it remaining to us in the works of Rufinus, who relates its demolition in A.D. 389, when a church and martyrdom dedicated to St. John the Baptist were erected upon part of its site (Univ. Hist. xvi. 429; Le Beau, v. 353). The Serapeum extended from this mound over the adjoining Arab cemetery; but beyond this column from the quarries of the first cataract and a few broken shafts, we have to reform the halls and courts of imposing splendor and the magnificence and beauty of their contents from the golden statue of Isis onwards. Attached to this temple was the second great Library of Alexandria, scarcely smaller than the one destroyed by the fire in the time of Julius Cæsar. If one answered to our British Museum, the other corresponded to the Oxford Bodleian. In the latter we possess thirty thousand manuscripts and four hundred and twenty-five thousand volumes, but here all were manuscripts, and three hundred thousand of those. The foundation of this great collection was the present of two hundred thousand volumes by Mark Anthony to Cleopatra, in whom the literary and

enlightened policy of her house is most unexpectedly shown in her getting such a gift for her city, as well as by the encouragement she showed towards the physician Dioscorides, and the computator of the Julian Kalendar, Sosigenes.

It was the kings of Pergamus, who had had to provide this large number of works, who invented the writing upon the less perishable parchment when Ptolemy Epiphanes cut off the supply of papyrus or byblus — necessity proving the mother of a still valued discovery.

We cannot stand upon this Serapeum mound without recalling some of the events which have been connected with it. There will come up to mind the martyrdom of the aged St. Mark the Evangelist about the year A.D. 68, the year when Didymus, the farm-steward, was keeping those accounts upon the back of which has lately been discovered by our British Museum a copy of one of Aristotle's political constitutions. He was dragged along with feline cruelty from his house — afterwards the Cathedral, and now the Quarantine, lying over there — to this spot, amid the excited and maddened mob raging to stamp out the faith of the Nazarene, and perhaps at this spot it was that the venerable patriarch of Egyptian Christianity breathed forth his soul to God. Nor can we forget another whose diminutive form and stooping gait proclaim the great Athanasius. With face of angelic sweetness, and bald head shaded by a cowl, we can picture him as hastening by as he turns up his keen, intelligent eyes to behold the mighty temple, he whose life was "a long tragedy," and divided between consecration and death into four exiles and four returns. Who now, save the theologians, reads the tale of that magnificent life, and who ever thinks as he stands upon these sand-heaps, that beneath them lies the lost part of his Arian history? Both his body and that of St. Mark were carried away by Venetian merchants, as is well known, and now rest in the city of Venice.

Is it unprofitable to reflect here, as we did at the Museum site, that per-

chance amidst the books of this Serapeum, when it became a Christian temple, may have existed some of the works of St. Peter, who had sent St. Mark here, and came himself likewise, if it be accepted that the Babylon he mentioned in his general Epistle (i., v. 13) is Old Cairo? We still miss his Revelations, Acts and Gospel, and his sermons on judgment and preaching, mentioned by St. Jerome, Eusebius, Clemens of Alexandria, etc. There is within our British Museum, a codex of the whole Bible written in Greek, here in this city, by a noble Egyptian convert, it is thought, named Thecla, about the time that this Serapeum became a Christian church. It was sent by an old patriarch of the city to Charles I., and has in it the epistles of that fourth pope of Rome, St. Clement, "whose name is written in the Book of Life," setting in order the discipline of the Church of Corinth, and of the second of which epistles this codex is the only extant manuscript copy. We have yet to recover a copy of the epistle of Laodicea (Coloss. iv. 16), a third Epistle to Corinth of St. Paul (1 Cor. v. 9), a second to Ephesus (Eph. iii. 3), and a third to Thessalonica; and since great quantities of books from here were taken chiefly to Constantinople at the imperial establishment of that city, it may be that whenever science can get a look at the treasury of the sultan, they may still be there, as well as other priceless historic documents long lost to view. The final destruction of the Serapeum Library is that often-disputed but well-known act attributed to the Arab conqueror in the seventh century, who is said to have heated the city baths for six months from its shelves in accordance with the orders of the caliph that, if the books added to the teaching of the Koran they were bad, and if they repeated it they were superfluous.

Just across the ridge of rock and sand which, rising, separates it from the blue and dancing waters of the Mediterranean is the once beautiful Lake of Mœris, a deep cutting made by an ancient king to store up the overflow of the beneficent Nile. Its water was

fresh until the British admitted the sea in order to flood the country around Alexandria in the time of the wars of Napoleon, and although the entrance is of course now blocked up, it is a salt and barren waste. It is hard to think of this marshy swamp as a sheet of silvery beauty, with its eight islands set like emeralds upon its broad face, and with its margin waving with *Mareotica cortex* (Mart., Ep. iv. 42), the oft-named papyrus. The country houses of the wealthy Alexandrian corn-factors and merchants clustered about it. The *Arva mareotica* (Ov., Met. ix. 73) were famous; in one of these farms the steward whose pages are backed by the Aristotelian work mentioned above kept those accounts; its oliveyards are often spoken of, and the white grapes of its vineyards produced the favorite beverage of Cleopatra, and of which both Horace (Od. i. 37) and Virgil (Geor. ii. 91) sing. "Mareotic luxury" was a rival to Sybaris in proverb, while the only form now presentable is that of its shooting to the sportsman. We are told of two pyramids that once stood in its midst bearing upon their summits two thrones on which were seated colossal statues of Mœris and his wife, and which rose three hundred feet above the lapping waters at their base; but of these no sign remains.

A few years ago the favorite drive of visitors was to see the obelisks known as "Cleopatra's Needles," but now both of them have gone; they stood before the palace or Sebasteum whose site a stonemason's yard and Ramleh station probably occupy, and the connection of them with the notorious queen is now quite exploded. No one who has stood beside that one still mercifully left at On can but feel anger and regret that they should have been removed to lands where no surrounding is in keeping, and where their rapid destruction is certain; that remaining where those once at Alexandria came from still serves to mark the spot where the great temple stood, and makes one dream dreams of what scenes and persons in the world's story it must have looked down upon, from earlier days than

those when Joseph the Patriarch came to wed the daughter of the priest here, to even later than when its shadow must have fallen upon another Joseph and Mary his wife, bearing the child Jesus as they came to its fountain for water. Those at Alexandria had been removed before that great advent; but it would have been far more "scientific," and shown far better taste, to have sent them back for future ages to value on their original sites than to have taken them to lands where they must rapidly crumble to dust. There can be no possible excuse made with that gone to New York; the only palliative with regard to ours on the Embankment is the forgotten fact that it was presented by the Egyptian government to commemorate our triumphs over France. That at New York is now almost smooth, its inscriptions obliterated, as that on the Thames bank will be in another twenty years.

Trieste laid some claim to the American one. Its erector, as that of the one on the Embankment, was Thothmes the Third, about thirty-five hundred years ago, and, like all the rest of them, it once had its surface highly polished and the hieroglyphics perhaps inlaid with silver-gilt, and its point capped with the same metal.¹ As it rose seventy feet in air, its apex caught the first glance of the sun-god Ra as he rose over the Arabian desert, and then the smooth sides would glitter, and from obelisk to obelisk would the bright glances flash as he rose in the imperial glory and autocracy of his Eastern rule. Think of this, and then look at those sad, wasted, crumbling monuments in London or New York, and answer if wisdom be justified in such ruthless and greedy children as possess them. There was a scene which took place at their feet as they stood before the palace pylon of Alexandria which all know but few associate with them, and yet the sadly thrilling tale of the death of Hypatia is familiar enough. The beautiful daughter of Theon—an old man who had

been president of the School of Mathematics, and who had trained his daughter to soar to heights which he himself had never attained—might well be taken as patroness of Girton. One cannot but feel a regard for the simple-hearted father who, having himself so strong a sense of the omnipresence of God, thought that it only needed to constantly recall the fact to men's minds to keep them from evil, and therefore urged the civil magistrates to have written at every street corner "God sees thee, O sinner!" One cannot but think that so reverent a philosopher must have brought up Hypatia to share that reverence too. All unite, indeed, in praising her virtue and beauty, and even a gaitered bishop was so enamoured of her that he had to write to his brother and ask him to salute in his stead—he is no more precise—"the most honored and most beloved of God, the philosopher," and talks of her "divine voice" and "sacred hand." It cannot be said that the Church did not appreciate her, as is sometimes assumed. A frenzied band of dervishes, such as this land still produces in the religion of Mahomet, but then nominally Christian, thought they were doing God service by their demon's deed, and the form of one of that God's most beautiful works lay mangled with oyster-shells at the base of these obelisks.

Such are some of the chief memories which must recur to the thoughtful visitor to Alexandria. All up the Nile you will be able to trace the effect of its Ptolemaic rulers; from Dendera's temple which bears the relief, and only existing representation, of Cleopatra, the last of them, up to Pharaoh's bed in beautiful Philæ. Like our own modern Gothic work its chief fault lies in its soullessness; it was a copy of the work of earnest hands by faithless imitators; but here in Alexandria we may believe that Greece built true to her own traditions, and remained true to her own style. All its glory lasted only about four hundred years, for it arose in transition times, days of mental, spiritual and political disturbance. Chris-

¹ Upon the monument the expression *tasm* or *uasm* is thought to mean gilded, since no metal of that name is known.

tianity, which was the birth of the individual conscience, was about to arise; Greek thought had been in the throes of labor since the days of Plato, who in his "Republic" had endeavored to regain it to the quiet assurance which hitherto had satisfied it that the *πόλις* was the Church of God, and that its voice was infallibly true. Free thought was breaking up this contentment. Rome was rising to outstrip Greece, and the waves of popular contention were arising into storm. And thus faded away this lovely and wondrous city, whose arts and wealth had surpassed any the world had known, whose schools outshone Heliopolis, and whose luxury and magnificence vied with anything Thebes, or Memphis, or Athens, or Rome ever possessed in their palmiest days. Proteus still retains his sovereignty over Alexandria in a very marked manner. No one who has ever been here and studied the history of the City of the Waters would doubt the correctness of the Homeric *locale* of that god or king. Diodorus and Lucian and the others all try to explain why he was made to embody prophecy and change; but they need only to have had our centuries to look back over to see with our eyes how true the simile was it prophetically incorporated of this city — changeful in aspect, in character, in rulers; changeful in thought, in religion, in learning; old and ever young, young yet ever old, renewing in these days, may we hope, its youth, like the eagles, and finding in Britain the second Alexander to cut the Gordian knot of its difficulties, and speed it through future ages upon its course of peace, prosperity, and glory.

ALFRED E. P. RAYMUND DOWLING.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE MANUFACTURE OF ARSENIC.

THE utilization of waste is one of the great lessons we are learning at the close of the nineteenth century. What our fathers and grandfathers threw away, that we find profitable to work for something it contains which was

unknown or disregarded by them, or which has since acquired a new value. This is notably the case with the arsenical pyrites, or mundie, turned out in vast quantities from the copper mines in Devon and Cornwall, principally on both banks of the Tamar. At one time, these mines, rich in copper, were worked vigorously for that metal, and the mundie was cast away, forming enormous "ramps," as they are locally termed, or mounds of this waste. After a while the price of copper declined and the richness of the lodes became less. Simultaneously a demand sprang up for arsenic, and now the old copper mines are worked, not exclusively but mainly for arsenic. The cost of production is of course greatly reduced by the fact that enormous quantities had been brought up from underground, and had been thrown out under the previous system, and these waste heaps were now reworked for the sake of the arsenic. Formerly, "arsenic soot" was sold from half a crown to fifteen shillings a ton; now its price ranges from seven pounds to seven pounds ten shillings.

The value of arsenic as something other than a poison or a pigment is of recent discovery. In ancient classic times, the beauty of orpiment, the yellow sulphide, was known, but not realgo, the disulphate of arsenic, which is of a ruby color. Arsenic as a pigment has been, and, we fear, still is, much used in the coloring of wall-papers — in fact, Kay's orpiment is such a valuable pigment artistically, that the paper-stainers can hardly do without it, if purchasers will have æsthetic greens and yellows. And here, before proceeding any further with the manufacture of arsenic, the writer desires to place before the reader a certain experience of his own with regard to wall-papers colored with orpiment. Some years ago he went to one of the most noted of firms for æsthetic papers wherewith to cover the walls of his house. A few years after, his children were afflicted with obstinate sores about the mouth, the wrists, and the ankles. The village doctor was called in, an

old-fashioned practitioner, who gave doses and prescribed diet, with no good result. Then all at once it occurred to the writer to have the wall-papers analyzed. They were found to be charged with arsenic; the gum fastening the color to the paper had yielded, and the arsenical dust was flying about and lodging everywhere. The children were removed, and recovered.

The question naturally arises: Is the manufacture of arsenic prejudicial to the health of the workers? To a certain extent it must be so; but it is not so to anything like the extent that might be supposed. The best means of resisting arsenic is by the use of soap and water. The workmen engaged in the manufacture have their mouths and noses muffled, to prevent their inhaling the dust. They wash and completely change their clothing on leaving work, and they enjoy complete freedom from zymotic diseases, as all germs are killed, either by the arsenic dust, or by the sulphurous acid given off by the manufacture. The time of greatest mischief is the summer, when the men perspire; then the arsenic adheres, and produces sores. Moreover, where there is a wound, if arsenic enters it, it will not heal till the bone has been reached. The best remedy for sores produced by arsenic is fuller's earth. The men believe that the arsenic produces shortness of breath and asthma; but this is really the result of their having to work all day with their noses and mouth covered by woollen mufflers.

Let us now look at the manufacture, and for that purpose we will take the Devon Great Consols Mine, where the largest amount of arsenic is made. This occupies a tongue of land about which the river Tamar forms a loop. It is completely barren on its top, all vegetation being killed by the fumes of sulphurous acid. The mine was worked for copper between 1844 and 1862 with wonderful results. The lode was thirty feet wide, and ran for a mile. After that, it gave out, and has been worked mainly for arsenic since 1874.

Arsenical mundic contains from twelve and a half to seventeen per

cent. of arsenic, and from twenty-five to thirty per cent. of iron. It has a silvery lead look, with yellow stains in it where is copper. The first process consists in dividing the copper ore from the mundic. For this purpose all the rock brought up from the mine is broken into pieces of the size of a nut; then this, as well as the refuse, is "jigged," that is to say is subjected to shaking in sieves, which let the small particles fall through, and reserve only the nuggets. The small matter is not, however, wasted; it is subjected to washing in "strips," where the water deposits first the mundic, as heaviest, then the copper ore, and lastly the refuse. The refuse, however, is not dismissed till it has been again jigged and washed, so that every particle of copper and of mundic has been saved from it. What passes away is then mere earthy matter.

The lumps of broken stone cannot be separated thus easily by water; they have to be assorted by hand. For this purpose girls are employed, locally called "*bâl maidens*," from the Cornish word "*bâl*," which signifies a mine. These girls, five in a row, recline on sloping shelves of board, with a table before them and a trough. On each side of the table are three wooden boxes. With a curved iron tool the girls rake the stones to them and sort them, according to color. The yellow and "*peacock*" copper is thrown into the trough under their noses. The mundic is tossed adroitly into the nearest box on right or left; the "*elvan*," or inferior, into the second; and the rubbish into the third.

Before the table flows a stream of water. The stones are brought in barrows from the jiggers, and are tipped into the water. Then a young man with a fork dips them out and throws them upon the table, and so continually supplies the *bâl maidens* with material for selection. The boxes have to be examined by the overlooker, to make sure that the girls have not been careless and have thrown away good stuff. Then the copper ore is sent away to Wales to be smelted. As

it requires four tons of coal to smelt one ton of ore, it is obviously advisable to convey the ore to the coal, and not bring the coal to the ore. The ore is worth about twenty-five shillings a ton.

The mundic is now taken to the furnaces, where it is first subjected to fires made of ordinary common coal. It passes along with the smoke into condensers. When condensed, it is grey, being mixed with smoke soot. In this condition it is called "arsenic soot." The condensation takes place on the floor and sides of the chimney, which is carried many hundred feet at an incline to a main shaft. From the condenser the arsenic is scraped out by the workmen closely muffled; then is again subjected to fire in calciners, the fire being of anthracite coal. Beside the ordinary furnaces, there are two sorts of calciners in use of a very original and interesting character. One of these is an enormous drum thirty feet long and three feet six inches in diameter, furnished with flanges internally. This drum or cylinder rotates at an incline. The arsenic soot is tipped into it at the top, and is turned over and over as the cylinder revolves, partly by its own weight, partly by the flanges. A fire is burning at one end of the drum, and the flame passes through it, consuming the arsenic as it falls, or is tossed athwart it. It is possible to look into the glowing interior as it rotates and watch the fiery heat scintillate with the arsenic that falls as a shower of stars. Another calciner consists of a horizontal rotary metal disc like a millstone, somewhat convex. The cap of this disc is stationary, and is armed with fangs that reach almost to the disc. The arsenic soot flows in through the centre of the cap, and is turned over, ploughed up by the fangs as the disc on which it rests revolves. A furnace on one side sends its fiery breath between the rotating nether disc and the coverer, and turns both to a glowing red, so that the arsenic is volatilized, and all the dross slides away to the lowest portion of the machine and discharges itself over the edge. The vapor is carried through the condensers,

of which a mile in length exist. In the side of this gradually ascending brick chimney are openings closed with iron doors. These are ten feet apart. When the furnace is let out, the doors are opened, and the arsenic dust and crystals are raked and cut out. The crystalline formation is from two to three inches thick on the sides, but two-thirds of the arsenic deposited is on the floor. It is now as white as paper. Some of the clusters of rhombohedral crystals are very beautiful. The arsenic has to be removed whilst warm to the mill to be ground; if left to get cold, the hardness of the crystals would cut the grinders to pieces. At the mill, the workmen are again closely muffled. They have to heave the arsenic turned out from barrows into the mill hopper. When reduced to powder in the mill, it is put into casks that contain from three hundredweight to three hundredweight twenty-five pounds, which are conveyed to the stores.

The vapor from the calciners, after passing through the condensers, traverses a sheet of falling water, which arrests a certain amount of the sulphur in the fumes. Owing to the noxious effect of sulphurous acid on vegetation, more than a certain amount of this acid is not allowed to be given off; it is therefore sought to arrest it on its way. The water as it flows away is milky, or rather like soap and water, from the sulphur it contains. The height of the shaft is one hundred and twenty-five feet.

In Styria and Carinthia, there is much arsenic-eating among the peasants; the women take it to give themselves a good complexion and to make their hair fine and glossy. The men take it because they believe that it gives them wind in climbing in the chase after chamois. There is nothing of this sort in Cornwall and Devon. In Styria and Carinthia it is known that an arsenic-eater can never be broken off the habit, and that, if arsenic be compulsorily kept from the eater, death rapidly ensues. It is believed in the Tamar—and this is perhaps true—that an arsenic-worker is

fit for no other work. He must remain at this occupation. Health and breath fail him at other employments. Eventually, it may be that chronic arsenical poisoning ensues; but this may be staved off, if not wholly prevented, by

scrupulous cleanliness, by care taken not only to wash in the "changing-house," but to bathe freely at home. As one of the foremen said to the writer of this article: "Against arsenic the best antidote is soap taken externally."

THE fermentative changes which the leaves of the tobacco plant are made to undergo before they are worked up and finally handed over to the public, are of the greatest importance in determining the quality of any particular tobacco. It was formerly supposed that the alteration in its condition thus brought about was due to purely chemical changes induced by the process of "sweating" which the leaf undergoes, but some interesting experiments made recently go to show that these important results are effected by special micro-organisms. In a paper read before the German Botanical Society, Suchsland gives an account of some investigations which he has been conducting on the bacteria found in different kinds of tobacco. He has examined fermented tobacco from all parts of the world, and found large numbers of micro-organisms, although but few varieties, mostly only two or three different species in any particular brand and but rarely micrococcus forms. But what is of especial interest is the discovery that pure cultures of bacteria obtained from one kind of tobacco and inoculated on to another kind, generated in the latter a taste and aroma recalling the taste and aroma of the original tobacco from which the pure cultures had been in the first instance procured. Thus it may be possible in the future to raise the quality of German tobacco, not, as heretofore, so much by careful culture and judicious selection of varieties, which has so far proved unsuccessful, but by inoculating pure cultures of bacteria found in some of the fine foreign tobaccos on to our own raw material, whereby similar fermentative changes may be induced and the quality correspondingly improved. The further results promised by Suchsland will be looked for with much interest. In connection with the above experiments on the "transplantation," so to speak, of micro-organisms, it is interest-

ing to note some results obtained lately by Nathan (Die Bedeutung der Hefenrein-zucht für die Obstweinbereitung). The amount of alcohol present in such wines as cider, currant wine, etc., is generally from three to four per cent. This small proportion is possibly in part due to the necessarily large dilution of the fruit with water, which considerably reduces the nitrogenous constituents of the "must," and also to the fact that the yeast, according to Hansen mostly present on sweet fruits is the *Saccharomyces apiculatus*, which only possesses a feeble fermentative power. Experiments were made to see whether, by increasing the nitrogenous constituents of the "must," and introducing a pure cultivation of a vigorous wine-yeast, the yield of alcohol would be greater. It was found that by adding a small amount of nitrogenous material, such as 0.15 gram. ammonium chloride, and five cubic centimetres of wine-yeast per litre to the "apple-must" (which was the fruit selected) two per cent. more alcohol was obtained, and not only was this the case, but this cider possessed a finer and more vinous taste than that untreated, or which had only received an additional supply of ammonium chloride without the wine-yeast. Kosutany in a paper published in the *Landw. Versuchsstationen*, 1892, has recorded the results of his investigations on the behavior of certain species of wine-yeast. He states that not only is the percentage of alcohol yielded very different with particular yeasts, but that also the taste, smell, and bouquet of the wine inoculated with special cultures were distinctly different according to the variety of yeast employed. It is hoped that, as in the case of tobacco so with wine, it may be possible to raise the quality by the judicious transplanting of bacteria obtained from finer brands.

Nature.